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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Satan; a Poem. By Robert Montgomery, author of "the Omnipresence of the Deity," &c. 12mo. pp. 391. London, 1830. Maunders.

We must begin our new year with an inauspicious name, Satan, and a not very commendatory confession, namely, that we have not had leisure to give to Mr. Montgomery's poem the attention which its elevated character and importance demands. But such is the truth, and we are bound to state it; both as an excuse for ourselves in the critical chair, and an apology to the author for the scanty justice we can render to an epic in three books during the teeming week of annual publications, and an unusual press of other novelties.

The design we may, however, remark, is one of great daring for any man, and especially for a young one. To aim at the highest honours of literature and the highest flight of genius, is an attempt in which even to fail would be a proud distinction. But Mr. Montgomery has displayed wonderful powers; and if he has sunk at all, it has been beneath the overwhelming magnitude and sublimity of his subject. Satan, the mighty archangel fallen, is placed on an eminence, whence, as in Holy Writ, he throws his glance over the outspread world, on which he descends in the language assigned to him by the Bard. We are not prepared to say whether the idea of making the Devil moralise against infidelity and the vanities of life, as well as believe and tremble, is altogether well judged: we must take the matter as it has pleased the author to offer it, and try it by that standard. It opens thus:—

"Awake, ye thunders! let your living roar
Exult around me, and a darkness shroud
The air, as once again the world I greet,
Here on this haughty mountain-head, where He
Of old, now palaced in the heaven of heavens,
The virgin-born, by prophets vision'd forth,
Was tempted, and withstood me!"

Is the earth
Appall'd, or agonising in the wreck
Of elements?—like spirits that are lost,
Wailing and howling, sweep the orphan winds,
While Nature trembles with prophetic fear,
As though a chaos were to crown the storm!
Lo! how it glooms, and what a fiery gash
Deal the red lightnings through yon darken'd sky,—
All echo with the chorus of her clouds!

And well earth answers to the voice of heaven.
Hark to the crash of riven forest-boughs
In yonder waste, the home of hurricanes,
That catch the howlings of the cavern'd brutes,
And wing them onward to Arabia's wild,
O'eranopied with flying waves of wrath
Like a dread ocean whirling through the skies!
But thou, alone eternally sublime,
Thou rolling mystery of might and power!
Rocking the tempest on thy breast of waves,
Or spread in breezy rapture to the sun,—
Thou daring Ocean! that couldst deluge worlds,
And yet rush on,—I hear thy swell of wrath
In liquid thunder laughing at the winds
Resoundingly, and from afar behold
Thine armed billows, heaving as they roar,
And the wing'd sea-foam shiver on the gales.

Swell on, ye waves and whirlwinds, sweep along,
Like the full breathing of Almighty Ire,
Whose sound is demolition!—where the sail
Of yon lone vessel, as a shatter'd cloud
Is moving, see the surges mount on high
Their huge magnificence, and lift their heads,
And, like Titanic creatures, tempest-born,

In life and fury march upon the main!—
Rave on, thou tempest, on thy reckless wings;
To me thy warring mood is fearful joy,
A faint memento of that mighty day
When proud rebellion shook the side of heaven,—
Till, charioted by thunder, forth He came,
The lightning of the Lord, and blazed revenge,
Hurling us downward to the deep of hell,
That madden'd wild as billows in the storm,
When rushing we met her roaring flames!

The tempest dies, the winds have tamed their ire,
The sea-birds hover on enchanted wing;
And, save a throb of thunder, faintly heard,
And ebbing, knell-like, o'er yon western deep,
That now lies panting with a weary swell,
Like a worn monster at his giant length
Gasping, with foam upon his troubled mane,
No sound of elemental wrath is heard:
The sun is up! Look, where he proudly comes,
In blazing triumph wheeling o'er the earth,
A victor in full glory! At his gaze
The heavens magnificently smile, and beam
With many a sailing cloud—sle sprinkled o'er,
In sumptuous array. Yes, land, and air
Whose winged fulness freshens tree and flower,
Own thee, thou shining monarch of the skies!
Now hills are glaring, rich the mountains glow,
The streams run gladness, yellow meads appear,
And palm-woods glitter on Judea's plain;
Beauty and brightness shed their soul abroad!—
Then waken, Spirit, whom no space can bound,
And with thy vision let me span the world."

The imagery of the subjoined *coup-d'œil* over the eastern clime is very rich:—

"Another gaze, bright Hindostanic clime!
How beautifully wild, with horn-wreath'd heads,
Thy antelopes abound; and, thick as clouds
Paving the pathway of the western heaven,
Or rings enamell'd with a radiant dye,
Thy birds expand their plumage to the breeze,
And glitter into air! Primeval woods,
And chieftain wonder-trees, and forest-haunts,
Where frequent rolls the stormy lion roar;
And deserts, spotted with their verdant isles,
And fruits, with showers of sunbeams on their heads,—
Are mingled in the magical excess:
The grand and beautiful their glowing spell
Combined; creation makes one mighty charm!"

Of the writer's strong feelings against slavery, our next quotation affords fine poetic proof:—

"And some are Britons who enslave the free;
Then boast not, England! while a Briton links
The chain of thralldom, glory can be thine.
Vain are thy vows, thy temples, and thy truths
That hallow them, while yet a slave exists
Who curses thee: each curse in heaven is heard;
'Tis seal'd, and answer'd in the depths below!

From dungeon and from den there comes a voice
That supplicates for freedom; from the tomb
Of martyrs her transcendence is told,
And dimm'd she may, but cannot be destroy'd.
Who bends the spirit from his high domain,
On God himself a sacrilege commits—
For soul doth share in His supremacy;
To crush it is to violate His power;
And grasp the sceptre an Almighty yields!"

Mount Ararat is nobly described in a few lines:—

"How gloriously diluvian Ararat
Hath pinnacled his rocky peak in clouds!
He thrones a winter on his awful head,
And lays the summer laughing at his feet.
Time cannot mar his glory; grand he swells,
As when the ark was balanced on his brow
That saw the flashing of the far-off flood
Beneath, and heard the Deluge die away."

The following reflections on the happiness of monarchs is also very characteristic of the author's train of thought:—

"Sceptres are mighty wands, and few there be
With strength to wield them; yet how many dare!
And kingdoms are the agonies of thrones;
Yet men will die to face them!—thus the heart
Exceeds itself, nor calls the madness vain.
But woe it mine from kingship to take

The tyrant witchery, I'd bid the young
Idolator of throne-exalted power,
In the deep midnight, when the world lies hush'd
In her humility of sleep, to stand and gaze
Upon a prince's couch. The glow and pomp
Of palace-chambers round him mingling lie;
But on his cheek the royal spirit marks
A weariness that mocks this outward shew
Of kings,—a prison would have graced it more!
A sad rehearsal of unhonour'd youth,
When years went reckless as the rolling waves,
Till passion grew satiety; a proud
Regret for trait'rous hearts, and that keen sense
Untold, which monarchs more than subjects feel
Of slavery; for servile is the pomp
Of kings, though gorgeously it dare the eye;
With a dim haunting of the dreary tomb,
That often through the banquet-splendour gapes,—
A darkness that defies a sun!—such dream
From out his slumber that calm Beauty steals,
That Innocence delights to wear. Then watch
His features, till a deep'ning flush of soul
Array them with a spirit eloquence,
That speaks of Judgment in her cloudy blaze
Of terror; monarchs cited, and the vast
Accomp of scepter'd kingdoms render'd up!—
Did envy listen to his waking groan,
How poor, how perilous, the state of kings!"

The metaphysics of the long extract which we proceed to copy is as fair a specimen of the whole poem as we could select; and we insert it to enable our readers to form their own estimate:—

"To the vast silence of primeval gloom
On wings of mystery may spirit roam,
And meditate on wordless things, whence comes
A glorious panting for a purer state—
True sadness is the soul of holy joy
And such feel they who fashion brighter worlds:
But martyrs to diseased thought abound,
Who out of earthly elements have sought
To reap a happiness whose home is heaven,
And failing, sunk to profitless despair.
Thus Learning, Luxury, and Fame,—these three
Vain phantoms, what a worship have they won!
The first, a shallow excellence; the next,
A malady of brutish growth, debased
And most debasing, turning soul to sense,
Till nature seems uninspired: the last
Magnificent betrayer! while afar
Beheld, the crown of heaven itself is thine;
When won, oft unavailingly enjoyed.
Oh! many an eye, that in the glow of youth
Hath brighten'd as it gazed on pictured worth,
Or linger'd in the lone and princely fane
Where tombs have tongues, by monumental piles
Where great inheritors of glory sleep,—
Hath wept the laurels that it once adored!

The atmosphere that circled gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream:
And hence those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more gloriously, and create
An Eden whoso'er their magic light
Upon the rack of quick excitement lives;
Their joy, the essence of an agony,
And that, the throbbing of the fires within!

And thus, while Fame's heart-echoing clarions ring
For glory, all the rapture of renown
In one vile whisper may lie hush'd and dead;
Made mighty by its littleness, a word
Of envy drowns the thunder which delight
Hath voiced; as oft the phantom of a cloud
In single darkness covering on the air
Looks fiercer for the frownless heaven around!
So Fame is murder'd, that the dull may live,
Or to herself grows false; then hideous dreams,
And tomb-like shadows, thicken round the mind,
Till, plunging into dread infinity
It rides upon the billows which despair
Hath lash'd from out the stormy gloom of thought!—
Dark victim, thus so ruinously fared,
What misery in thy smile of happiness!
Beneath the mountain of thy vast renown
There blooms a mortal, unendow'd by aught
That learning, luxury, or fame, can yield.
And yet a Cosmos in his store of joy

Compared with thine,—the man whom earth
Enslaves not, on whose soul the truth hath smiled!"

In conclusion, we shall simply contrast some of his (Satan's) reflections on France and England, which, at all events, shew the poet to be no less a patriot.

"Northward of Greece, behold renowned Gaul,
Britannia's rival, gaily doth outspread
Her scenery, and blooming flush of life.
She too hath beauty; and her sun-warm hills
That bare their bosoms to the mellowing sky,
With vine and fruitage bountifully glow;
While rivers of romance, by wood and vale,
And bordering town, their shining waters lead.
Young, fresh, and gay, elastic as the breeze,
All spring and sunshine, her full spirit bounds;
Here, vanity is virtue; out of hearts
That seem to echo but to woman's sigh,
Awaking valour, prompt to dare, and proud
To die. And yet, true nobleness of mind
Is faintly seen; sincerity, too harsh
To please, is polish'd into smoothing lies,—
The frothy incense of a faithless soul.

The far-off thrones
Of tyrants stagger'd, distant empires quail'd,
When like th' embodied spirit of thy wrongs
The Revolution darken'd on the world,—
Ringing a peal that echoed Europe round,
And died in thunder o'er the Atlantic deep!
But thou wert too unholily to free;
Too grasping to be great; and when thy thirst
For havoc brutalised the scene of blood,—
As though re-action for all human wrong
Were centred in it for one dire revenge,
I heard Heaven curse thee, and exulting hail'd
The cry of freedom for the voice of hell!"

Not so England.

"Fronting the wave-environed shore of France,
And bulwark'd with her everlasting main,
O'er which the cloud-white cliffs sublimely gaze
Like genii, rear'd for her defence, behold
The false-queen!—every billow sounds her fame!
The ocean is her proud triumphal car
Whereon she rideth, and the rolling waves
The vassals which secure her victory;
Alone, and matchless in her sceptred might,
She dares the world. The spirit of the brave
Burns in her; laws are liberty; and kings
Wear crowns that glitter with a people's love,
And, while undimmed, their glory eye endures;
But once dishonoured,—and the sceptre falls,
The throne is shaken, patriot voices rise,
And like storm'd billows by the tyrant gale,
Awaken, loud and haughty is their roar!"

Heaven-favour'd land; of grandeur, and of gloom,
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,
Though other climates boast, in these supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound;
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine: the sky of blue intensity,
Or charm'd by sunshine into pictorial clouds,
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad,—
The dingle gray, and wooded copse, with hush
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,
And steeped cities, faint and far away,
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene.

But Ocean is thy glory; and methinks
Some musing wanderer by the shore I see,
Weaving his island fancies—Round him, rock
And cliff, whose gray trees mutter to the wind,
And streams down rushing with a torrent ire:
The sky seems craggy, with her cloud-piles hung,
Deep mass'd, as though embodied thunder lay
And darken'd in a dream of havoc there!
Before him, Ocean yelling in the blast,
Wild as the death-wall of a drowning host:
The surges,—be they tempests as they roll,
Lashing their fury into living foam,
Yon war-ship shall outbrave them all! her sails
Resent the winds, and their remorseless howl;
And when she ventures the abyss of waves,
Remounts, expands her wings, and then—away!
Proud as an eagle dashing through the clouds.

And well, brave acclion of the empress lake,
Thy spirit mingles with the mighty scene,
Hailing thy country on her ocean throne."

Our illustrations are taken from the first book alone; can we doubt that they will greatly exalt the already high reputation of the youthful author?

The Rivals. Tracy's Ambition. By the Author of the "Collegians." 3 vols. London, 1829. Saunders and Odey.

WITH this publication, the series of Tales entitled those of the Munster Festivals, in all

nine volumes, are brought to a close; and our very favourable opinion of Mr. Griffin's (the author's) talent has rather been increased than diminished by the perusal of his present production. Of these two stories, the *Rivals* is perhaps the most interesting; and *Lacy's Ambition* the better arranged and written: when we say interesting, we mean for our juvenile readers, as both contain much matter which must deeply engage the attention of the more mature. The marked characteristics of this author are unexaggerated good sense and rational views as applied to his native country, Ireland; and also a keen insight into the nature and modes of thinking of its natives, whose peculiarities are brought forward with great tact and force. Another of his merits is the power of describing scenery with much beauty; and in several instances he displays still higher qualities as a novelist. For example, in Tracy, a country gentleman living in all possible respectability and happiness, we have the picture of ambition, by holding out the petty lures of place and profit, gradually undermining his comforts and destroying his good name, and ultimately even his good feelings. This is a finely touched moral lesson.

If, with so much of praise to give, we have any faults to find, we should observe, that it might add to the effect of his narratives, if the author would avoid interruptions, and, by concentrating, strengthen the dramatic effect. In his anxiety to paint the Irish character, he occasionally goes too much into detail.

We prefer quoting from the dialogues to breaking in upon the mysteries of the Tales; though we feel that we can by no means do justice to Mr. Griffin's abilities by the extracts to which we must confine ourselves. The following is peculiar,—no matter who the interlocutors are:

"The view now presented to the eye nothing of a higher interest than a tract of uncut bog, or a sullen lough, half concealed by rushes and weedy shallows, on the banks of which a wretched cabin, with mud walls propped and roof falling in, sent up its thin and tremulous smoke into the sultry air above it, while the poor solitary, who housed his wretchedness in this lonely tenement, suspended his labour before the door-way, and leaned forward on his spade, to speculate on the appearance and destination of the travellers. At a long interval, a farm-house of a more comfortable appearance than was usual, might be discovered in a well-chosen corner among the crags; and at a longer yet, the apparition of a handsome cottage, with its elegant pleasure-ground and neatly tended shrubbery, started up before the astonished eye of the wayfarer, and furnished a pleasing evidence of a truth (on which, though long impressed upon my mind, I had seldom acted), that the magic of real life is industry. Feeling a desire to ascertain something more of my companion's real character than he seemed willing to disclose, and curious, moreover, to know how far he participated in the natural indolence which is so generally, and in point of fact so falsely, attributed to the peasantry of his country, I directed his attention to one of the snug farm-houses above described. 'There is a proof,' said I, 'of what a little care and industry can accomplish. The man who built that house, and reared the young timber about it, had little time to waste in fighting at fairs, or drinking in public houses.' 'An' that's what built the house an' planted the timber for him, you're thinking, sir?' the mountaineer replied, taking up the inference I intended he should deduce, with that rapidity of perception

for which, amid all their simplicity, the people of his class and nation are most remarkable:—'True for you, so it was, indeed. Drinking is a bad business for a poor man, or a rich one either, and fighting is a deal worse. You never spoke a truer word than that. But I'll tell you what helped to make the place as naif as it is, besides. The man that owns that house is *Palentin** an' a Protestant; he has his ground for five shillings an acre, on a long lease; he has a kind landlord over him, that will never *distress* him for a small arrear; he isn't like a poor Catholic that has a mud cabins an acre o' pratie ground, an' seven landlord, above him,† an' that has no feeling nor kindness to look for, when times run hard, an' poverty strikes him between the cowlid walls. An' with submission to you, sir, that's the very thing that causes all the drinking an' the fighting. When a poor man sells his corn at market, an' feels his pocket full o' money, I'll tell you what he does, an' what he says to himself, an' he returning home of a cowlid night, sitting upon the corner of his *thruckle* [cart], with the moon shining down upon him, and the frosty wind blowing into his heart, an' the light streaming out o' the window o' the public house on before him. 'I have thirty shillings or a pound now,' he says to himself, 'an' that's enough to pay my rent for this turn. Very well,' he says, 'an' when I have that paid, what good 'll it be to me? I don't know my landlord, nor my landlord doesn't know me. I have no more howld o' my little cabin an' my bit o' ground, than I have o' that smoke that's goen' out o' my pipe. I don't know the moment when I an' my little craithurs 'll be wheeled out upon the high-road; an' the more pains I lay out upon my ground, the sooner, may be, 'twill be taken from me. An' I'll go home now in the frost, and pay this money to the masher, giving him a wattle to break my own head! Wisha, then, indeed I won't. Let the masher, an' the rent, an' the cabin go an' whistle together if they like; I'll go an' warm my sowl in my body with a glass o' spirits, an' have one happy hour at any rate, if I never have another!' In he goes, an' I need not tell you the state his pockets are in when he comes out again. That's the way the drinking comes, Mr. Thracy, an' the fighting comes o' the drinking just as natural as a child is born of his father."

Our author draws a rather satirical picture of that affectation of religion which too often forgets its golden rule of charity. Without yielding to opinions that would make Mr. Damer the representative of all those who live in the odour of sanctity, it must be confessed that he is one of a class which is not very limited in point of numbers.

"About midnight, Mr. Damer, a low-sized, sleek, smooth-featured, elderly gentleman, was seated in the dining-room of his own house, in a certain hilly and heathy county in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Before him, on a rose-wood table, varnished like the surface of a mirror, stood decanters of cote rot and hermitage, the contents of which appeared to have been brought somewhat low in the course of the evening. The chair in which he sat was one of those splendid inventions by which the character of our age has been immortalised, and which will enable us to divide the admiration of posterity with the founders of the Parthenon and the constructors of the Babylonian gardens. It was one of those elastic cushions

* Palatines, descendants of German settlers.

† This is no fiction.

for which, not the tenants of the air, but the air itself, has been laid under tribute. The magnificently gilded covers of a quarto edition of Henry's Bible lay on his right hand, reflecting the light of four wax candles, which were supported in candlesticks of massive silver, richly carved. A solid and elegant sideboard was loaded with all the splendours of the family plate and glass. On a secretaire, at a little distance from the table, were placed a quantity of books in plain dark binding, and stamped on the covers with the impress of the Society for the diffusion of Christian Knowledge. In a corner, less brilliantly illumined, the eye of the curious observer might detect a parcel of small pamphlets, stitched in blue covers, and bearing on their title-pages the various denominations of 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' 'The Conversion of Timothy Delany from the Errors of the Church of Rome,' 'The Lough Derg Pilgrim, a Tale,' 'Father Clement, a Roman Catholic story,' and many other productions of a similar tendency. There was something in the air of the whole apartment that was calculated to impress the beholder with an instantaneous conviction of the wealth, the self-contentedness, and the piety of the owner. It had little of mere fashion, but a great deal of that species of luxury which in England is denominated comfort, and in Ireland falls little short of magnificence. The person of the proprietor was entirely in character, or, in the cant of connoisseurs, in *keeping* with his possessions. His hair was short and sleek, his head round as a bullet, his face plump and peachy, his eyes meek and sanctimonious, with a little spark of earthly fire, (the result of some harmless and habitual self-indulgence,) gleaming unsteadily through the pupil, like the *pæta* of the Venus Erycina. His legs, shining in black silk, were crossed, so as to expose the calf to the influence of a cheerful coal-fire, and a bunch of fine gold seals reposed on an incipient paunch. No collar, starched and impudent, obscured the blushing rotundity of his beardless jaws; a muslin cravat, of the purest white, alone encircled his short neck—for he had the good taste to sit in full dress to his wine. Thus cushioned on the zephyrs, not in the poetical, but the practical, sense of the phrase, sipping his cote rot, and glancing occasionally, while the conversation proceeded, at the columns of a Dublin daily paper, sat Mr. Kirwan Damer, the owner of this mansion, and of the adjoining estate of Glendearg, in the county above intimated. To heighten the domestic picture, in a lounge, on the opposite side of the fire-place, sat Mrs. Damer, as well conditioned as her husband, dressed like him in black, with a trim cap of white muslin surrounding her fair and full and rather languid countenance. The lady, too, was reading. But that we have already suffered the names to escape us, the reader might suppose that we were describing a wealthy rector and his helpmate, in their handsome parlour at the Glebe. He would be, however, totally in error. Mr. Damer was merely an Irish country gentleman of our own time. The Flath has vanished, the Canfinny is forgotten, the chiefs of their race are no more regarded, the duellist, the drunkard, the libertine, and the gambler, have all been exiled from the pale of Irish society, or compelled to wear their vices in a veil. A class of men has succeeded, to which even those who have an interest in its vilification must accord a preference. Those who wish to know the character of that class should know the Damers. On the other side of the table, near Mrs. Damer, sat a gentleman

of a manner and appearance very different from that of Mr. Damer. He was tall and well proportioned, dressed very plainly, with a red, laughing countenance, and two large black eyes, which seemed to be always rambling in search of amusement. 'Well, Damer,' said Mr. Leonard, the gentleman just described, 'I totally disagree with you in every one of your plans. I think you will do no service whatever to the peasantry, I think you do not understand them sufficiently. (Mr. Damer smiled.) I think though they are ignorant and naked (poor fellows!), and Papists to boot, they have as fair a chance of going to heaven as the best of ourselves; that is my idea, poor devils! even though they do break out now and then; human nature is human nature; and my idea is, that all the funds and subscriptions in the world will not get half a dozen more souls into heaven than were on their way before. Half a dozen is the outside.' 'And would not the salvation of one,' said Mr. Damer, lifting the cote roti to his lips, 'be worth the whole cost, and all the exertions of the Society together?' 'Be worth sixty thousand a year?' 'Sixty million!' 'Besides the bickerings and heartburnings that have broken up the frame of society in our country, the division of families, the sundering of early attachments, the fomentation of civil disunion, and the diffusion of all uncharitableness in private life? My idea is, that for the one soul we save by this business, we lose fifty.' 'For shame, Tom,' said Mrs. Damer, 'you are growing worse and worse every day.' 'I don't pretend to any great sanctity,' said Leonard. 'You, my fair and fat and sanctimonious sister, know me a long time, and know me to be a blunt plain fellow, that thinks he does his duty when he takes care of his neighbour's body, and leaves his soul between him and his Creator. There is the difference between us. Damer is as honest a fellow as any body, but his charity all evaporates in smoke. If I find a poor fellow starving on my estate, why (Heaven forgive me!) I think I do my duty when I send him a leg of mutton, and make him an abatement; while Damer smothers him with books and Bibles, and I don't know what. Here's my idea. Give the people bread, and they'll find out piety themselves: make them prosperous, and you may be sure they will grow virtuous without much labour. But hunger and cold are the sorriest Martexts in the world.'

There is much acuteness and spirit in a dialogue between one of the heroes and heroines; but we can only give a snatch of it. The lover is being reproved by his young mistress for his too common contempt of general society.

"I will be candid, Esther. There are many among them that I think hardly worth the pains of pleasing." "There you are very wrong again, Francis," said Esther with considerable warmth; "you are bound to love them all, the poor and rich, the mean and the noble, the dull no less than the gifted, the vicious as well as the holy. The dullest man you meet does his utmost to please you, and you should do as much by him. What book is that near you with the leaf turned down?" "A volume of Shakespeare." "And what says that stage-playing fellow? Does he not bid you use men better than they deserve, for the lesser their desert the greater is your merit in using them well?" "On the score of Christianity, Esther—nay, on the score of morals—I plead guilty; but I never *set up* for a good Christian, you know." "That's a proper speech. And on the score of patriotism, what say you? You have set yourself up for a pa-

triot, and you have set others down that thwarted you, and you hope to be a great man some day or another. And on the score of your own darling passion, the study of human nature, what say you? This is a kind of anatomy you cannot study without subjects. The more men you know, the more you'll know of their nature." "But I have got one subject continually within my reach, and which I can dissect at will," said Francis, laying his finger over his heart. "Did Jean Jacques Rousseau—" "The wretch, the quack, the hypocrite, the knave, the coward! You make my blood tingle to my fingers' ends to hear him named." "Well, well, he knew the heart, however," said Francis, smiling at her energy; "and did he find it necessary to expose himself to the dangers of collision with the mob of men? He laid his own heart bare, and found it a mirror of the whole species. Who knew more of the heart than Massillon? and yet every body was surprised where a quiet priest could have found such extensive opportunities of observation. But what says D'Alembert to that? Massillon painted all his splendid gallery of sinners and of saints—his magnificent portrait of the true Christian—his appalling picture of the infidel—his lukewarm devotee—his false penitent—his Mary Magdalen—his sensualist—all from the same original, all from the close study of his own single heart; and yet so true to the life, that there breathes no soul in human form that may not find itself reflected in his pages as in a faultless mirror." "I read none of your papistical sermons," said Esther; "but friend D'Alembert, and the other eulogists of that French priest, have overlooked one circumstance that might have lessened their wonder as to the source of his knowledge." "And what was that, I pray you?" "The confessional." "Esther," said Francis, after bending his eyes on her for a moment in silence, "you have struck me dumb." "You were dumb already. I had rather strike you talkative. If you hope to write a good book, or to be a great orator, you must talk with all, listen with all, and learn to please all. Put Jean Jacques out of your head. What has all his moping availed him but to win the admiration of all the morbid sentimentalists in Europe?—to crown him king of the day dreamers? But that stage-playing fellow near you used his eyes and ears as well as his imagination; and what has been his recompense? Universal empire."

In conclusion, we must quote some of the very pretty poetry with which these volumes are adorned.

"You never bade me hope 'tis true,
I asked you not to swear;
But I looked in those eyes of blue,
And read a promise there.

The vow should bind with maiden sighs
That maiden lips have spoken—
But that which looks from maiden eyes
Should last of all be broken!"

"Once I had a true love,
I loved him well, I loved him well;
But since he's found a new love,
Alone I dwell, alone I dwell.

How oft we've wandered lonely,
Through yon old glen, through yon old glen;
I was his treasure only,
And true love then, and true love then:
But Mary's singing brought me
To sigh all day, to sigh all day;
Oh, had my mother taught me
To sing and play, to sing and play!
Once I had, &c.

By lone Glencree at even,
I passed him late, I passed him late;
A glance just a-die-long given
Told all his fate, told all his fate:
His step no longer airy,
His head it hung, his head it hung;

Al! well I knew that Mary,
She had a tongue, she had a tongue.
Once I had, &c.

When spring is coming early,
And skies are blue, and skies are blue;
And trees are budding fairly,
And corn is new, and corn is new;
What clouds the sunny morrow
Of nature then, of nature then?
And turns young hope to sorrow?
Oh, fickle men! oh, fickle men!

Once I had a true love,
I loved him well, I loved him well;
But since he's found a new love,
Alone I dwell, alone I dwell."

With these examples we consign the work to the applause of the public, and to the unquestioned admiration of all the lovers of excellent fictions. It is at once entertaining and full of judicious remarks upon the people of Ireland and many subjects of literature and importance which are connected with them: in short, it is a performance equally agreeable and instructive. There is also much originality in Mr. Griffin's Tales; he is no copyist of the common Irish characters, but an able delineator of real manners.

Jefferson's Memoirs and Correspondence. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. London, 1823. Colburn and Bentley.

THE two concluding volumes of this valuable contribution to the history of an important period have just appeared, and continue to be as attractive as the two which preceded them. Volume III. resumes the correspondence of Mr. Jefferson during his residence at Paris at the sanguinary times of the French Revolution (commencing with a letter to Mr. Jay, July 19th, 1789); and his unvarnished, though favouring, accounts of the atrocities committed before his eyes, convey the most horrible ideas of those diabolical transactions. But we avoid political topics; and for this reason also abstain from similar discussions in the ensuing letters, written by Mr. Secretary Jefferson, at New York, Philadelphia, &c. 1790, 1, 2, 3, 4, and subsequent years. Our extracts, therefore, must be miscellaneous, and less calculated to afford an accurate idea of the work than if we went into its more prominent features.

"February 16th, 1793. E. Randolph tells J. Madison and myself a curious fact, which he had from Lear. When the President went to New York, he resisted for three weeks the efforts to introduce levees. At length he yielded, and left it to Humphreys, and some others, to settle the forms. Accordingly, an antechamber and presence-room were provided; and when those who were to pay their court were assembled, the President set out, preceded by Humphreys. After passing through the antechamber, the door of the inner room was thrown open, and Humphreys entered first, calling out with a loud voice, 'the President of the United States.' The President was so much disconcerted with it, that he did not recover it the whole time of the levee; and when the company was gone, he said to Humphreys, 'Well, you have taken me in once, but, by God, you shall never take me in a second time.'"

The importance of a free press is put in a strong light by the annexed:

"May 23d. I had sent to the President yesterday draughts of a letter from him to the Provisionary Executive Council of France, and of one from myself to Mr. Ternant, both on the occasion of his recall. I called on him to-day. He said there was an expression in one of them, which he had never before seen in any of our public communications, to wit, 'our republic.' The letter prepared for him to the

council began thus: 'The citizen Ternant has delivered to me the letter, wherein you inform me, that yielding, &c. you had determined to recall him from his mission, as your minister plenipotentiary to our republic.' He had understood the words 'our republic.' He said, that certainly ours was a republican government; but yet we had not used that style in this way: that if any body wanted to change its form into a monarchy, he was sure it was only a few individuals; and that no man in the United States would set his face against it more than himself; but that this was not what he was afraid of: his fears were from another quarter; that there was more danger of anarchy being introduced. He adverted to a piece in Freneau's paper of yesterday: he said he despised all their attacks on him personally, but that there never had been an act of the government, not meaning in the executive line only, but in any line, which that paper had not abused. He had also marked the word republic thus ^, where it was applied to the French republic. He was evidently sore and warm; and I took his intention to be, that I should interpose in some way with Freneau, perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating clerk to my office. But I will not do it. His paper has saved our constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy, and has been checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known, that it has been that paper which has checked the career of the monarchs; and the President, not sensible of the designs of the party, has not, with his usual good sense and *sans froid*, looked on the efforts and effects of this free press, and seen that, though some bad things have passed through it to the public, yet the good have preponderated immensely."

In August this subject is revived by another attack.

"Knox, in a foolish, incoherent sort of a speech, introduced the pasquinade lately printed, called the funeral of George W.—n and James W.—n, king and judge, &c., where the President was placed on a guillotine. The President was much inflamed, got into one of those passions when he cannot command himself; ran on much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed on him; defied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the government, which was not done on the purest motives; that he had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since; that, by God, he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made emperor of the world; and yet that they were charging him with wanting to be a king. That that rascal Freneau sent him three of his papers every day, as if he thought he would become the distributor of his papers; that he could see in this nothing but an impudent design to insult him: he ended in this high tone. There was a pause. Some difficulty in resuming our question; it was, however, after a little while, presented again, and he said there seemed to be no necessity for deciding it now."

So that even thus early there were great differences between republican Washington and republican Jefferson, both presidents of the New World.

Hamilton was almost, if not entirely, monarchical; for, says our author:

"E. Randolph tells me, that Hamilton, in conversation with him yesterday, said, 'Sir, if all the people in America were now assembled,

and to call on me to say, whether I am a friend to the French revolution, I would declare that I have it in abhorrence.' * * * Tenche Coxe tells me, that a little before Hamilton went out of office, or just as he was going out, taking with him his last conversation; and, among other things, on the subject of their differences, 'For my part,' says he, 'I avow myself a monarchist; I have no objection to a trial being made of this thing of a republic; but,' &c. * * * In conversation with Baldwin, and Brown of Kentucky, Brown says, that in a private company once, consisting of Hamilton, King, Madison, himself, and some one else making a fifth, speaking of the 'federal government,' 'Oh!' says Hamilton, 'say the federal monarchy; let us call things by their right names, for a monarchy it is.'"

In 1798, when Adams was president, Mr. Jefferson relates, that in a conversation with him, "he said that no republic could ever last which had not a senate; and a senate deeply and strongly rooted, strong enough to bear up against all popular storms and passions; that he thought our senate as well constituted as it could have been, being chosen by the legislatures—for if these could not support them, he did not know what could do it; that perhaps it might have been as well for them to be chosen by the state at large, as that would insure a choice of distinguished men, since none but such could be known to a whole people; that the only fault in our senate was, that it was not durable enough; that hitherto it had behaved very well; however, he was afraid they would give way in the end. That as to trusting to a popular assembly for the preservation of our liberties, it was the merest chimera imaginable; they never had any rule of decision but their own will; that he would as lief be again in the hands of our old committees of safety, who made the law, and executed it at the same time; that it had been observed by some writer (I forget whom he named), that anarchy did more mischief in one night than tyranny in an age; and that in modern times we might say with truth, that in France anarchy had done more harm in one night than all the despotism of their kings had ever done in twenty or thirty years."

The following *bon-mot* and anecdote relate to the same person:—

"At a dinner given by the bar to the federal judges Chase and Peters, present about twenty-four lawyers, and William Tilghman in the chair, this toast was given, 'Our king in old England.' Observe the *double entendre* on the word king. * * * In a conversation between Doctor Ewen and the President, the former said one of his sons was an aristocrat, the other a democrat. The President asked if it was not the youngest who was the democrat? 'Yes,' said Ewen. 'Well,' said the President, 'a boy of fifteen who is not a democrat is good for nothing; and he is no better who is a democrat at twenty.'"

A short space for so great a change!! Another story of infant etiquette in making states.

"June 10th, 1793. Mr. Brown gives me the following specimen of the frenzy which prevailed at New York on the opening of the new government. The first public ball which took place after the President's arrival there, Colonel Humphreys, Colonel W. S. Smith, and Mrs. Knox, were to arrange the ceremonials. These arrangements were as follows:—a sofa at the head of the room, raised on several steps, whereon the President and Mrs. Washington were to be seated. The

gentlemen were to dance in swords. Each one, when going to dance, was to lead his partner to the foot of the sofa, make a low obeisance to the President and his lady, then go and dance; and, when done, bring his partner again to the foot of the sofa for new obeisances, and then to retire to their chairs. It was to be understood, too, that gentlemen should be dressed in bags. Mrs. Knox contrived to come with the President, and to follow him and Mrs. Washington to their destination; and she had the design of forcing an invitation from the President to a seat on the sofa. She mounted up the steps after them unbidden; but, unfortunately, the wicked sofa was so short, that when the President and Mrs. Washington were seated, there was not room for a third person; she was obliged, therefore, to descend in the face of the company, and to sit where she could. In other respects the ceremony was conducted rigorously, according to the arrangements; and the President made to pass an evening, which his good sense rendered a very miserable one to him."

The annexed, if true, will change many an opinion respecting Washington.

"Dr. Rush tells me that he had it from Asa Green, that when the clergy addressed General Washington on his departure from the government, it was observed in their consultation, that he had never, on any occasion, said a word to the public which shewed a belief in the Christian religion, and they thought they should so pen their address as to force him at length to declare publicly whether he was a Christian or not. They did so. However, he observed, the old fox was too cunning for them. He answered every article of their address particularly, except that, which he passed over without notice. Rush observes, he never did say a word on the subject in any of his public papers, except in his valedictory letter to the governors of the states, when he resigned his commission in the army, wherein he speaks of 'the benign influence of the Christian religion.' I know that Gouverneur Morris, who pretended to be in his secrets, and believed himself to be so, has often told me that General Washington believed no more of that system than he himself did."

By this we understand that Washington disbelieved the Christian dispensation; and have not a word to add.

True Stories from the History of Ireland. By John James M'Gregor. Second Series. 18mo. pp. 412. Dublin, Curry and Co.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott edited ballads, every one collected old songs—when he wrote poetry, every one composed verses—when he appeared as a novelist, all the would-be authors, nay, even some of a higher grade, who had acquired a certain reputation, turned novel writers; and when the master-spirit of our age became the author of a little history for little people, we were prepared to expect a due proportion of juvenile histories. Now, there is no reason why volumes of ballads, of poetry, of novels, and of *historiettes*, should not be published; but why, we ask, were not these ballads collected, these verses composed, and these novels and *historiettes* written, before Sir Walter Scott's publications?—What we complain of, is the spirit of imitation which pervades our literature. A copy, however cleverly executed, is still a copy. In works of fancy, this mean and vain-glorious rivalry is of little consequence,

for the public can soon discriminate between the hand of a master and that of his follower; it is in history and topography that book-making becomes an evil, for thus are errors perpetuated; and, trifling as a name or date may be considered, a want of accuracy in either, at once destroys our confidence in the authenticity of other statements.*

The patient and laborious investigations of the antiquary, and the minute details of the honest biographer, have been too often unjustly turned into ridicule; for who is there that can deny the important results produced by circumstances apparently unworthy of attention? Who, for instance, that is intimately acquainted with the particulars of the late extraordinary Clare election can doubt that the wearing of a bit of lead, called a "liberator medal," occasioned the return of Mr. O'Connell? and to his return has been (justly or not, it is impossible for us to say) ascribed the measure of Catholic emancipation. To offer a topographical illustration of the same argument, we happen to know that the Chain Bridge across the Thames at Hammersmith owes its existence to a joke at a supper-table.

Mr. M'Gregor's present volume embraces the history of Ireland under the Tudors; and is carefully compiled from common sources in an agreeable and rather anecdotal manner—but the curse of the copyist hangs over him. Unlike his great original, whose little volumes every where shed new rays upon history, those of Mr. M'Gregor faithfully hand down the blunders and errors of his predecessors. We could point out many, but will content ourselves with a single example, as no doubt the History of Ireland announced as in preparation by Mr. Moore for Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, will correct the various mistakes and misrepresentations of former historians, who have done little more than copy one from the other, without reference to a single original or authentic document. Mistakes and misprints in Cox's History, which was published in the reign of William III., are repeated in Leland; and where Dr. Leland blunders, there Mr. M'Gregor is wrong also. The example we take will be circumstances connected with the death of the Earl of Desmond, in the reign of Elizabeth. The Christmas of 1582 he is represented by all historians as lurking in the wood of *Kilquag*, near Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick, where he was attacked, his followers slain, and the earl, with his countess, escaped by concealing themselves, up to their necks in water, under the bank of a river.

Now, it oddly enough happens, that Mr. M'Gregor (if we are not very much mistaken) has recently published a topographical history of the very county where this event is represented to have taken place, and was, therefore, we should have supposed, peculiarly qualified to correct the statement in Cox and others, and to inform us that no such place as *Kilquag* exists in the county of Limerick—although there is a portion of the parish of *Kilquane*, a mile east of Kilmallock, which, from the discovery of numerous human bones, and its local character, is, beyond question, the place alluded to. And thus has a misprint (for it is no more) been allowed to remain uncorrected for more than a century.

The Earl of Desmond's death, which fol-

* Notwithstanding what we have said, the attention now bestowed even by the romance writer upon history will do something towards making future historians accurate. We may refer to Miss Crumpe's "*Geraldine of Desmond*;" to produce which, the fair writer must have laboured through some scores of volumes, as well as many original papers.

lowed in less than two years after his escape at Kilquane, is thus related by Mr. M'Gregor:—

"Kerry was his next place of refuge; and here he lay concealed for some time, with a few trusty servants, in a wood near Tralee, compelled to support himself and his followers at the expense of the neighbouring peasantry. Among various depredations committed by them, some cattle were taken from a poor woman named Moriarty. She complained to her brother, who applied to the English governor of Castlemain for assistance. The governor granted him seven musketeers and twelve horsemen, under the command of one Kelly, an Irishman, who followed the track of the cattle, till they came to a wood four miles east of Tralee, where they resolved to take up their quarters for the night; but perceiving a fire not far off, they advanced towards it, and discovered six persons sitting in a ruined house. They all fled at the entrance of the soldiers, except an old man, whom Kelly struck with his sword, and nearly cut off his arm; upon which his wretched victim exclaimed, 'Spare my life, for I am the Earl of Desmond!' But finding that the earl would be unable to travel from loss of blood, his executioner bade him prepare for death, and then struck off his head, which was sent to England, and fixed upon London bridge. Kelly was rewarded for this service with an annual pension of £20; but he was afterwards hanged at Tyburn."

Circumstantial as this account, even in Mr. M'Gregor's abridgment, appears to be, we can inform him, that the Earl of Desmond fell, not by the hand of Kelly, but by that of *Donald M'Donald Imorietaghe*, on the 11th of November, 1584:—and thus might we proceed.

The following quotation affords at once a fair specimen of Mr. M'Gregor's style and the lawless state of Ireland: the period to which it refers is the close of Henry VIII.'s reign.

"Commercial jealousies raged to such an extent during this reign, between the principal sea-ports on the southern and western coasts of Ireland, as frequently to occasion fierce hostilities both by sea and land. A war of this nature was carried on for twelve years between the merchants of Limerick and Galway, which was attended with some bloodshed, and terminated only by the interposition of the crown. Another piratical war was carried on between Waterford and some of the ports in the neighbourhood of Cork, in which many instances of bravery were displayed which would have been creditable to regular forces. Take the following as an instance. On the 20th of February, 1537, four ships laden with Spanish wines, and consigned to the merchants of Waterford, were driven by a tempest into Cape Clear, Kinsale, and Baltimore. Sir Fineen O'Driscoll, the hero of this part of the coast, had his residence at the castle of Dunalong, or the Ship-castle, on the island of Innisharkin; and his name was dreaded from the Bristol channel to the mouth of the Shannon. The prizes which he and his natural son Gilly Duff, or Black Gilbert, took by sea or land, were stored up in the Ship-castle; and here open house was kept for the gentry and pedlars, who came from all quarters to purchase bargains of wine, brandy, drapery, or other goods—the produce of their piracies. On the tempestuous night above mentioned, Gilly Duff was rowing along the shore in his launch, when the Santa Clara appeared in distress at the entrance of Baltimore harbour. He approached to offer assistance, and proposed, for three tuns of wine, to bring her safely into port. The bargain was struck, and in less than an hour she was securely moored under

the castle of Dunalong. The captain and crew expressed gratitude for their deliverance, and Gilly Duff increased it by inviting them to the castle, where, he said, the fire of hospitality was never out on his father's hearth. The captain and his wearied mariners gladly accepted the invitation, and enjoyed the food and festivity of Sir Fineen O'Driscoll, till, sunk in sleep and wine, they left their vessel to her fate. They were instantly clapt in irons, the galleys of Gilly Duff boarded the vessel, and before morning every pipe of wine which she contained was stored in the vaults of the castle, or the cellars of the adjoining Franciscan convent. When the merchants of Waterford received intelligence of this act of piracy, they equipped a well-armed vessel, which sailed on the 3d of March for Baltimore, under the command of Captain Dobbyn; who coming up suddenly with the Santa Clara, boarded her on one side, while Gilly Duff with his men fled out at the other: and after firing several guns at the castle, Dobbyn brought off his prize. But this was not a sufficient satisfaction to the Waterford merchants for the insult and injury which they had sustained; they, therefore, fitted out a squadron of three ships, well appointed and victualled, and manned by four hundred men, which sailed for Baltimore, under the command of Captains Woodlock and Dobbyn. Sir Fineen O'Driscoll and the inmates of Dunalong castle were still carousing over the Spanish wines, when at day-dawn, on a fine April morning, the watch-tower bell gave notice that a hostile squadron was in sight, and in a few minutes they cast anchor before the castle. The battlements were instantly manned, and all the artillery of the fortress opened its fire on the ships: but this was answered with such effect by Woodlock's little squadron, that a breach was speedily made; and the Waterfordians, led on by Lieut. Grant, rushed to the storm with a resolution that proved irresistible—forced the barbarian, burst into the castle, and hoisted St. George's standard on the top of the tower. Sir Fineen O'Driscoll had already made his escape to Dunboy; but Gilly Duff, perceiving that all was lost, resolved to perish in the ruins of the castle. Seizing a flaming brand, he applied it to a powder barrel, and both victors and vanquished were instantly launched into eternity. Grant alone stood uninjured, in a recess of one of the tower windows, while the flames were crackling around, and burning beams and melting lead falling on every side. At that moment Lieut. Butler, seeing the perilous condition of his gallant comrade, seized a cross-bow, and fastening a cord to a steel bolt, shot it up to Grant, who tying it to the stone mullion of the window, slid down in a moment, and found himself secure in the arms of his companions. The men of Waterford continued five days on the island, during which they captured or destroyed seventy pinnaces belonging to O'Driscoll, ruined the castle and convent, and returned in triumph, loaded with booty."

The Waverley Novels. Vol. VIII. *Rob Roy.* Vol. II. Edinburgh, 1830, Cadell and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

This publication goes on most prosperously—so prosperously, indeed, as to be a subject of continued wonder even to those most sanguine in bookselling, and the greatest admirers of the genius of the author. The present volume, concluding the delightful novel of *Rob Roy*, has very little of additional literary illustration; though the frontispiece from Leslie, and a vignette, with two horses charmingly

painted by Cooper, and as well engraved by Raddon, enhance its value. We find only one new note; in which Sir W. Scott, speaking of the elfin traditions peculiar to the wild scenery where the Avon-Dhu, or River Forth, has its birth, observes, that the opinions entertained about these beings are much the same with those of the Irish, so exquisitely well narrated by Mr. Crofton Croker; and he continues—

"An eminently beautiful little conical hill, near the eastern extremity of the valley of Aberfoil, is supposed to be one of their peculiar haunts, and is the scene which awakens, in Andrew Fairservice, the terror of their power. It is remarkable that two successive clergymen of the parish of Aberfoil have employed themselves in writing about this fairy superstition. The eldest of these was Robert Kirke, a man of some talents, who translated the Psalms into Gaelic verse. He had formerly been minister at the neighbouring parish of Balquidder, and died at Aberfoil in 1688, at the early age of forty-two. He was author of the *Secret Commonwealth*, which was printed after his death, in 1691—an edition which I have never seen—and was reprinted in Edinburgh, 1815. This is a work concerning the fairy people, in whose existence Mr. Kirke appears to have been a devout believer. He describes them with the usual powers and qualities ascribed to such beings in Highland tradition. But what is sufficiently singular, the Rev. Robert Kirke, author of the said treatise, is believed himself to have been taken away by the fairies, in revenge, perhaps, for having let in too much light upon the secrets of their commonwealth. We learn this catastrophe from the information of his successor, the late amiable and learned Dr. Patrick Grahame, also minister at Aberfoil, who, in his *Sketches of Perthshire*, has not forgotten to touch upon the *Daoine Shie*, or men of peace. The Rev. Robert Kirke was, it seems, walking upon a little eminence to the west of the present manse, which is still held a *Dun Shie*, or fairy mound, when he sunk down, in what seemed to mortals a fit, and was supposed to be dead. This, however, was not his real fate. 'Mr. Kirke was the near relation of Graham of Duchray, the ancestor of the present General Graham Stirling. Shortly after his funeral, he appeared in the dress in which he had sunk down, to a medical relation of his own, and of Duchray. 'Go,' said he to him, 'to my cousin Duchray, and tell him that I am not dead. I fell down in a swoon, and was carried into Fairyland, where I now am. Tell him, that when he and my friends are assembled at the baptism of my child (for he had left his wife pregnant), I will appear in the room; and that if he throws the knife which he holds in his hand over my head, I will be released, and restored to human society.' The man, it seems, neglected for some time to deliver the message. Mr. Kirke appeared to him a second time, threatening to haunt him night and day till he executed his commission,—which at length he did. The time of the baptism arrived. They were seated at table; the figure of Mr. Kirke entered; but the Laird of Duchray, by some unaccountable fatality, neglected to perform the prescribed ceremony. Mr. Kirke retired by another door, and was seen no more. It is firmly believed that he is at this day in Fairyland.'"

A postscript contains the Duke of Montrose's original letter to the government relative to the seizure of Killearn while collecting his rents; and with great propriety mentions the indefatigable zeal of Mr. Robert Lemon, who

discovered it, as he has done a multitude of valuable documents, in the State Paper Office; and the kind attentions paid by Mr. Peel, amid all the weighty affairs of politics, to the interests of literature—one of the noblest chaplets with which a minister can bind his brow.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. III. Part II. *Insect Architecture.* London, 1829. C. Knight.

This new Part is truly deserving of its title, for it conveys much entertaining knowledge while it pursues the interesting exposition of insect architecture, certainly one of the most curious branches of entomological inquiry. As in the preceding Part, the subject is most ably treated; and the multitude of wood engravings render the study of these extraordinary creatures in all their wonderful ways as obvious as it is interesting. We could not open a page any where without falling upon extracts to justify this high opinion; but as the generality of our readers will probably procure the work itself, we shall confine our examples to those limits which will, we trust, sufficiently illustrate its general character, without occupying so large a proportion of our page as we should otherwise be tempted to allot to its merits. The very first page is a fair specimen: the chapter treats of the clothes-moth and other tent-making caterpillars; and the writer says: "There are at least five different species of moths similar in manners and economy, the caterpillars of which feed upon animal substances, such as furs, woollen cloths, silk, leather, and, what to the naturalist is no less vexing, upon the specimens of insects and other animals preserved in his cabinet. The moths in question are of the family named *Tinea* by entomologists, such as the tapestry moth (*Tinea tapetella*), the fur moth (*Tinea pellionella*), the wool moth (*Tinea vestianella*), the cabinet moth (*Tinea destructor*, Stephens), &c. The moths themselves are, in the winged state, small, and well fitted for making their way through the most minute hole or chink, so that it is scarcely possible to exclude them by the closeness of a wardrobe or a cabinet. If they cannot effect an entrance when a drawer is out, or a door open, they will contrive to glide through the key-hole; and if they once get in, it is no easy matter to dislodge or destroy them, for they are exceedingly agile, and escape out of sight in a moment. Mousset is of opinion that the ancients possessed an effectual method of preserving stuffs from the moth, because the robes of Servius Tullius were preserved up to the death of Sejanus, a period of more than five hundred years. On turning to Pliny to learn this secret, we find him relating, that stuff laid upon a coffin will be ever after safe from moths; in the same way as a person once stung by a scorpion will never afterwards be stung by a bee, or a wasp, or a hornet! Rhasis again says, that cantharides suspended in a house drive away moths; and he adds, that they will not touch any thing wrapped in a lion's skin;—the poor little insects, says Réaumur sarcastically, being probably in bodily fear of so terrible an animal. Such are the stories which fill the imagination even of philosophers, till real science entirely expels them. The effluvia of camphor or turpentine may sometimes kill them when in the winged state, but this will have no effect upon their eggs, and seldom upon the caterpillars; for they wrap themselves up too closely to be easily reached by any agent except heat. This, when it can be conveniently applied, will be certain either

to dislodge or to kill them. When the effluvia of turpentine, however, reaches the caterpillar, Bonnet says it falls into convulsions, becomes covered with livid blotches, and dies. The mother insect takes care to deposit her eggs on or near such substances as she instinctively foreknows will be best adapted for the food of the young, taking care to distribute them so that there may be a plentiful supply and enough of room for each. We have found, for example, some of those caterpillars feeding upon the shreds of cloth used in training wall-fruit trees; but we never saw more than two caterpillars on one shred. This scattering of the eggs in many places, renders the effects of the caterpillars more injurious, from their attacking many parts of a garment or a piece of stuff at the same time. When one of the caterpillars of this family issues from the egg, its first care is to provide itself with a domicile, which, indeed, seems no less indispensable to it than food; for, like all caterpillars that feed under cover, it will not eat while it remains unprotected. Its mode of building is very similar to that which is employed by other caterpillars that make use of extraneous materials. The foundation or frame-work is made of silk secreted by itself, and into this it interweaves portions of the material upon which it feeds."

Of tent-builders the following are curious particulars:—

"We have just discovered (Nov. 4th, 1829), upon the nettle, a tent of a very singular appearance, in consequence of the materials of which it is made. The caterpillar seems, indeed, to have proceeded exactly in the same manner as those which we have described, mining first between the two membranes of the leaf, and then uniting these and cutting out his tent. But the tent itself looks singular from being all over studded with the stinging bristles of the nettle, and forming a no less formidable coat of mail to the little inhabitant than the spiny hide of the hedgehog. In feeding, it does not seem to have mined into the leaf, but to have eaten the whole of the lower membrane, along with the entire pulp, leaving nothing but the upper membrane untouched."

"In June, 1829, we found a numerous encampment of the tent-building caterpillars described by MM. de la Voie and Réaumur, on the brick wall of a garden at Blackheath, Kent. They were so very small, however, and so like the lichen on the wall, that, had not our attention been previously directed to their habits, we should have considered them as portions of the wall; for not one of them was in motion, and it was only by the neat, turbinated, conical form in which they had constructed their habitations, that we detected them. We tried the experiment above mentioned, of ejecting one of the caterpillars from its tent, in order to watch its proceedings when constructing another; but probably its haste to procure shelter, or the artificial circumstances into which it was thrown, influenced its operations, for it did not form so good a tent as the first, the texture of the walls being much slighter, while it was more rounded at the apex, and of course not so elegant. Réaumur found, in all his similar experiments, that the new structure equalled the old; but most of the trials of this kind which we have made correspond with the inferiority which we have here recorded. The process indeed is the same, but it seems to be done with more hurry and less care. It may be, indeed, in some cases, that the supply of silk necessary to unite the bits of stone, earth, or lichen employed, is too scanty for perfecting a second structure. We remarked a very sin-

gular circumstance in the operations of our little architect, which seems to have escaped the minute and accurate attention of Réaumur. When it commenced its structure, it was indispensable to lay a foundation for the walls about to be reared; but as the tent was to be movable like the shell of a snail, and not stationary, it would not have answered its end to cement the foundation to the wall. We had foreseen this difficulty, and felt not a little interested in discovering how it would be got over. Accordingly, upon watching its movements with some attention, we were soon gratified to perceive that it used its own body as the primary support of the building. It fixed a thread of silk upon one of its right feet, warped it over to the corresponding left foot, and upon the thread thus stretched between the two feet, it glued grains of stone and chips of lichen, till the wall was of the required thickness. Upon this, as a foundation, it continued to work till it had formed a small portion in form of a parallelogram; and, proceeding in a similar way, it was not long in making a ring a very little wider than sufficient to admit its body. It extended this ring in breadth, by working on the inside only, narrowing the diameter by degrees, till it began to take the form of a cone. The apex of this cone was not closed up, but left as an aperture through which to eject its excrements. It is worthy of remark, that one of the caterpillars which we deprived of its tent, attempted to save itself the trouble of building a new one, by endeavouring to unhouse one of its neighbours. For this purpose, it got upon the outside of the inhabited tent, and sliding its head down to the entrance, tried to make its way into the interior. But the rightful owner did not choose to give up his premises so easily; and fixed his tent down so firmly upon the table where we had placed it, that the intruder was forced to abandon his attempt. The instant, however, that the other unmoored his tent and began to move about, the invader renewed his efforts to eject him, persevering in the struggle for several hours, but without a chance of success. At one time, we imagined that he would have accomplished his felonious intentions; for he bound down the apex of the tent to the table with cables of silk. But he attempted his entrance at the wrong end. He ought to have tried the aperture in the apex, by enlarging which a little he would undoubtedly have made good his entrance; and as the inhabitant could not have turned upon him for want of room, the castle must have been surrendered. This experiment, however, was not tried, and there was no hope for him at the main entrance."

The account of our cheerful and familiar friend the cricket affords another brief but interesting quotation:—

"The house-cricket (*Acheta domestica*) is well known for its habit of picking out the mortar of ovens and kitchen fire-places, where it not only enjoys warmth, but can procure abundance of food. It is usually supposed that it feeds on bread. M. Latreille says it only eats insects, and it certainly thrives well in houses infested by the cock-roach; but we have also known it eat and destroy lamb's-wool stockings, and other woollen stuffs, hung near a fire to dry. It is evidently not fond of hard labour, but prefers those places where the mortar is already loosened, or at least is new, soft, and easily scooped out; and in this way it will dig covert ways from room to room. In summer, crickets often make excursions from the house to the neighbouring fields, and dwell in the crevices of rubbish, or the cracks made

in the ground by dry weather, where they chirp as merrily as in the snugnest chimney corner. Whether they ever dig retreats in such circumstances, we have not ascertained; though it is not improbable they may do so for the purpose of making nests. M. Bory St. Vincent tells us, that the Spaniards are so fond of crickets that they keep them in cages like singing birds."

"The field cricket, another of this family, burrows in the ground, in which it lodges all day, and comes out chiefly about sunset to pipe its evening song. It is so very shy and cautious, however, that it is by no means easy to discover either the insect or its burrow. The children in France amuse themselves with hunting after the field-cricket; they put into its hole an ant fastened by a long hair, and as they draw it out, the cricket does not fail to pursue it, and issue from its retreat. Pliny informs us it might be captured in a much more expeditious and easy manner. If, for instance, a small and slender piece of stick were to be thrust into the burrow, the insect, he says, would immediately get upon it for the purpose of demanding the occasion of the intrusion: whence arose the proverb *stultior grillo* (more foolish than a cricket), applied to one who, upon light grounds, provokes his enemy, and falls into the snares which might have been laid to entrap him."

Again:—

"A more laborious task is performed by an insect by no means uncommon in Britain, the burying beetle (*Necrophorus vespillo*), which may be easily recognised by its longish body, of a black colour, with two broad and irregularly indented bands of yellowish brown. A foreign naturalist, M. Gleditsch, gives a very interesting account of its industry. He had often remarked that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days, often of twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular inhumation. Not perceiving any thing particular in the mole, he buried it again; and on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles, which M. Gleditsch now naturally concluded had buried the carcass for the food of their future young. To determine these points more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel, half filled with earth and properly secured, and, upon the surface of the earth, two frogs. In less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles; the other two ran about the whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnæa. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male, having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At

length, apparently wearied with this interrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day the work was completed, and the bird covered. M. Gleditsch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all sooner or later buried; and the result of his experiment was, that in fifty days four beetles had interred, in the very small space of earth allotted to them, twelve carcasses: viz. four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, beside the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days."

When we state that all the foregoing extracts are taken from the first thirty pages of this excellent little volume, we are sure we need not eulogise it more. The architecture of ants, it may readily be supposed, forms a very interesting portion of the work in the able hands by which it has been executed; nor is that devoted to spinning caterpillars less amusing and instructive. Spiders, too, supply abundant materials for a curious investigation.

Conversations on the Art of Miniature Painting.
By Emma E. Kendrick.

If it were but as assisting to convince young persons, and especially the spoiled and lazy children of affluence, that much study and persevering application are the only means by which any acquirement worth possessing can be obtained, we should think that Miss Kendrick had done an essential service to society by this little volume. It contains, however, a great deal of practical information, the result of the fair author's professional experience, with respect to one of the most amusing and elegant branches of the fine arts.

Tales of a Briefless Barrister. 3 vols. 12mo.
London, 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

THERE is a good deal of common sense and observation in this production; but it does not seem to us to possess those higher qualities of acuteness or imagination which should distinguish a literary performance, or a picture of society. There is nothing to offend, but little to interest; and we should fancy the author as likely to succeed by perseverance in his (hitherto) briefless profession, as in the career of novel-writing.

Tales of the Classics: a new Delineation of the most popular Fables, Legends, and Allegories, commemorated in the Works of Poets, Painters, and Sculptors. Selected and written by a Lady, for the amusement and instruction of her own Daughters. 3 vols. 1829. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS somewhat lengthy title is nevertheless the threshold of a structure which meets with our most cordial approbation. With all our love for ancient mythological and classical story, we never could feel feeling that there was much too gross in many of the representations to be fit for general perusal; and that they were particularly unsuited to the purity of the female, and happy ignorance of

the youthful reader. Parents and teachers are therefore largely indebted to the lady who has produced this work; weeded of all prureries, and admirably calculated to engage the attention, while it unfolds the beauties of early literature, and original imaginings. The *Lettres à Emilie*, if we remember rightly, are the only precedent of a production of the kind; and if they deserved their celebrity and success, these volumes are still more worthy of extended favour. Lists of the principal pictures in Italy, which illustrate many of the subjects, are a useful and agreeable addition to the tales.

The Legendary Cabinet. By the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. pp. 436. London, 1829. Joy.
A SELECTION of ballads from the publications of Percy, Jameison, Scott, &c. upon what the editor calls "a moral plan."

The Life and Times of Francis the First, &c. By James Bacon. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Edward Bull.
WE are glad to see a second edition of this pleasing work confirm the praises we bestowed upon it when it came unknown into the world. From the character of our Journal, it usually happens that the first literary criticism upon publications issues from our tribunal: we have no lights to direct us, no opinions to guide us, no absurd fancies to startle us into opposition, and must depend entirely upon our own judgment; and so placed, however confident in the impartiality of our decisions, it is always most gratifying to us to find them (as in this case) confirmed by the public voice.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JANUARY.

IN commencing the celestial notices for the new year, it may be observed that the zeal with which astronomy has been recently cultivated in this country, but more particularly on the continent, has been rewarded with several important discoveries relative to the structure and economy of the universe:—objects have been observed, curves measured, and regions explored, of which a few years since astronomers had no conception;—many particulars relative to the heavenly frame, which had been received without hesitation, and considered as satisfactorily explained, are now doubted;—the members of the solar system, instead of being confined to a few planetary and cometary bodies, are now justly believed to exceed in number those already discovered;—philosophers seem on the very verge of demonstrating the nature, direction, and rate of motion of our sun through the celestial spaces;—some of the fixed stars (instead of being so nearly stationary as to warrant the appellation they have so long received) are proved to have a progressive motion, which becomes evident after a lapse of a very short space of time; and this recently discovered phenomenon not occurring with the bright stars of the firmament, but among those whose feeble light would not, but for their motion, have arrested the attention of the observer; so that there is reason to believe that some of the most unobtrusive of the starry train, and whose feeble light appeared to indicate their greater distance, are much nearer to our system than those glittering gems whose copious streams of radiance would seem to imply their closer proximity:—the recent researches amidst double stars and nebulae, and a consideration of many mysterious phenomena ob-

servable among them, suggests, that a link, more exquisite still than gravity, unites some of these remote regions of space, and is connected with other ideas, which tend greatly to enlarge the boundaries of, and form a new era in, the science of astronomy.

As the objects referred to in this brief sketch of modern astronomy present themselves in a favourable position for observation, their places and phenomena will be duly pointed out.

19^d 23^d 41^m—the Sun enters Aquarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Pisces	1	14	34
☾ Full Moon in Gemini	8	15	32
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo	16	16	3
☾ New Moon in Capricornus	24	4	54
☾ First Quarter in Aries	30	22	47

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Leo	10	20	15
Mars in Scorpio	19	30	30
Jupiter in Sagittarius	22	1	15
Mercury in Aquarius	25	13	45
Venus in Aquarius	27	7	15

5^d—Occultation of Aldebaran. Immersion 15^h 37^m 26^s; emersion 16^h 27^m 59^s: the path of the star will be to the north of the moon's centre: shortly after the re-appearance of Aldebaran, the moon will set.

13^d—Occultation of ϵ Leonis. Immersion 10^h 3^m; emersion 10^h 57^m: in this instance also, the path of the star will be to the north of the moon's centre.

27^d—Mercury at his greatest elongation from the sun (16° 24'), and visible as an evening star.

Venus having passed her greatest elongation, and approaching her inferior conjunction, is assuming a crescent form: at the latter end of the month she will shine with her greatest brilliancy, which occurs when she is 40° distant from the sun, and when one-fourth of her illuminated disc is turned towards the earth; the planet will at the time referred to be moving through Aquarius—a constellation not remarkable for any bright stars; so that Venus will reign in that part of the heavens without a rival to dispute with her the throne of beauty and splendour.

Mars, about the middle of the month, will pass from Libra into Scorpio, and may be seen early in the morning.

The Asteroids.—2d day—Vesta is in the right arm of Sagittarius. Juno is between the head of Sagittarius and Scutum Sobieski—both of these are too near the sun to be visible. Ceres and Pallas are very close together, in the right leg of the Virgin; their distance from each other less than two degrees: Pallas distant from ϕ Virginis 34'; these two asteroids pass the meridian within four minutes of each other—Ceres at 19^h 23^m, and Pallas at 19^h 27^m: these small planets are advancing to a favourable position for observation.

Jupiter is too near the sun to be visible: this planet has attained its greatest southern declination, and will, each succeeding year till 1836, describe a greater arc above the horizon.

Saturn is in a very favourable position for observation: the form of the ring relative to the orb presents a very beautiful appearance. When Galileo first discovered this singular zone he veiled his discovery in the following enigma:—

"Smaismrilmne poeta leumi byne nugttaviras"

which, arranged in its true form, is,

"Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi;"

and may be thus translated: "I have observed that the most distant planet is triple,"—he having at first conceived that the ansæ were

globes attached to each side of the orb of Saturn.

13^d 6^h—Uranus in conjunction with Mercury—26^d 7^h with the sun.

The appearance of the heavens, at midnight, will through the month be unspeakably grand; the brightest constellations will be then visible—Aries, Taurus, Orion, Sirius, Gemini, and Leo, occupying the southern part of the heavens; Capella and Ursa Major dividing the zenith; Cygnus, Lyra, Corona Borealis, and Arcturus, skirting the northern horizon, to re-ascend and faint away in the feeble glimmer of the wintry dawn.

Celestial Phenomena from 1830 to 1836.—To stimulate recent subscribers to the *Literary Gazette* to commence with the year the study of astronomy, a brief sketch is subjoined of the most remarkable phenomena that will occur from 1830 to 1836, inclusive. Some of these are connected with questions and predictions to the solution and fulfilment of which philosophers are looking forward with considerable interest; more particularly to the return of the three comets, whose periods are supposed to be known with some degree of certainty; namely, the comets of Encke, Biela, and Halley.

1830.—Four visible occultations of Aldebaran, one of which will be attended with singular circumstances connected with terrestrial position—to one part of the British Isles it will prove only an appulse of the star, and to another part an occultation. A total eclipse of the moon, the duration of which will be almost the longest possible, as the centre of the moon will pass very near the centre of the earth's shadow: about the middle of the eclipse the moon will be in conjunction with a star in Aquarius, which conjunction will, in some places, be an occultation. An occultation of Venus by the moon.

1831.—An eclipse of the moon. Mars will pass over a star in Taurus. An occultation of Jupiter by the moon. Mercury eclipsed by the sun. An occultation of Saturn by the moon.

1832.—This year will be remarkably replete with interesting phenomena. The comet of Encke will return in the spring, and the comet of Biela in the autumn of the year. A transit of Mercury across the sun's disc. An eclipse of the sun. An occultation of Saturn by the moon. Three of the satellites of Jupiter simultaneously eclipsed.

1833.—An eclipse of the sun.

1834 and 1835.—The comet of Halley will be expected; it last passed its perihelion on the 13th of March, 1759: it is calculated to reach the same point again 16th of March, 1835. A transit of Mercury across the sun's disc.

1836.—A considerable solar eclipse.

Dejford.

J. T. B.

A NEW SPECIES OF INDIGO IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE *Registro Mercantil* of Manila contains a description, published by the Economic Society, of a new species of indigo discovered in that island. From time immemorial it has been known under the names of *payanguit* and *aranguit* by the natives, who have used it to produce a beautiful blue colour; particularly in the provinces of Camarinés and Albay. But it had escaped the observation of scientific men until the year 1827, when it attracted the attention of Père Mata, a corresponding member of the Economic Society of the province of Samar. He subjected it to various experiments, and formed it, like indigo, into cakes, with which he coloured pieces of cotton, silk, linen, and worsted. Struck with the beauty and

depth of this dye, in which qualities it did not appear to him to be inferior to indigo, he resolved to communicate his discovery to the society; to which he presented specimens of the cakes, and of the stuffs which he had dyed. The society, in consequence, requested some of its corresponding members in the provinces above mentioned to repeat Père Mata's experiments. They all agreed in their accuracy; and sent to Manila a large quantity of leaves and cakes, and, eventually, the living plant itself. A committee of merchants was appointed to determine, after a chymical analysis of this colouring matter, if its identity with indigo was sufficiently established to justify its introduction into commerce under that name; and if it ought to be offered at the same price as indigo. The merchants and chymists decided those questions in the affirmative, and declared that it possessed all the qualities of that celebrated colouring substance.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES.

AT a late sitting of the Paris Royal Academy of Sciences some discussion arose relative to the inquiries made by M. Lachaussee, a clerk in the excise, who lays claim to the discovery of perpetual motion, for which he solicits a pension from the king. The Academy, it seems, some time since decided that it would no longer entertain this question, nor that of the quadrature of the circle, nor the trisection of the angle—problems which it considers impossible of solution; and thinking also that it is a loss of time to endeavour to solve them—a mere waste of the time of men of genius. M. de Boisbertrand submitted to the Academy a plan invented by M. Dupera, an engraver at Conflans, with a view to prevent the forgery of bank notes. The plan consists in the simultaneous application of two dry stamp-impresions on the two sides of the note. M. Felix Darut presented a memoir relative to the employment of alkaline chlorurets to disinfect objects impregnated with pestilential miasmas;—and Messrs. Thénard and Majendie were directed to make a report upon the subject. A letter was then read from M. Pelletier, in which he states that he has extracted from the carbonate of magnesia in the proportion of 50 per cent from the magnesian calcareous productions of the Vorges; and expresses a hope that we shall soon be enabled to do without foreign importations of these products. He also prepared, from the same productions, sulphate of magnesia, which has been advantageously sold under the name of English Epsom salts. A drawing of the skeleton of a large oviparous fossil quadruped, found among a quantity of different sorts of bones in the quarries in the environs of Throuville, was next submitted to the Academy. M. Dumeril presented an account of a very remarkable work of M. Strauss, entitled "Researches relative to the organisation of articulated animals;" in which the author gives a very detailed description of the large American spider, which sucks the blood of the humming-bird. After alluding to the work of Réaumur, who discovered and described the glands which in these animals serve for the secretion of the web, the author defines, in a very remarkable manner, the mode of respiration and circulation of these animals, and endeavours to point out in what respect the same functions differ in other classes of insects. It was agreed that the work should be sent to the commission charged to award the physiological prize founded by M. de Monthyn. M. Chevreul, in his own name and that of M. Thénard, made a report relative to a memoir presented

on the sitting of the 7th inst., by M. Serulas, entitled, "Action of different acids upon the iodate of potass;" and it was agreed to insert his name among the list of learned foreigners. M. Serulas then communicated the results of a very important experiment that he had just made upon iodic acid, which he has obtained in a state of crystallisation, and the crystals of which he exhibited. This chymist, in his memoir, endeavours to shew, that the iodo-sulphuric, iodo-nitric, and iodo-phosphoric acids, mentioned by Davy, do not exist; and that the errors into which the latter fell upon the subject were caused by his having operated upon small quantities. M. Serulas then stated that he had been enabled to obtain, with great facility, iodic acid, which was very rare; and concluded by commenting upon several errors which he alleged had been committed by Davy.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES IN FRANCE.

THE Archæological Society of Dieppe, under the patronage of the Duchess de Berri, have been making some recent excavations in the neighbourhood of the town, near what is commonly called Caesar's Camp, the actual site of the ancient city of Limes, which may be considered the Pompeii of France. The results of the first researches, made by order of the duchess, at Candecote, close to the gates of the town, were the discovery of some fragments of a vase of great beauty. Those undertaken in the course of the present year, and carried on in her royal highness's presence, have revealed the existence of a Gallo-Roman borough, the ruins of which are situate between the villages of Bracquemont and De Graincourt. Among other remains have been found the representation of a female figure, in terra cotta, seated on a chair, and suckling two infants—apparently the votive offering of some lady in the straw. Hooks, nails, and other implements, with Roman tiles, &c. have also been discovered in great abundance, together with a beautiful glass urn, containing a medal of Antoninus Pius. A large house, consisting of a spacious atrium, or hall, with a numerous suite of apartments branching off, has been since laid open. Among the articles in best preservation are several Roman medals in bronze, a gold pin turned with great delicacy, a *stylogium* for writing, and a perfume box (the last two made of very fine silver), an agate set in a handsome gold ring, and having a small bird engraved upon it, with a motto, of which the words *Ave mea* are alone distinguishable. This trinket has been presented to the Duchess, under whose particular surveillance it was discovered, and now forms part of her collection of antiquities at Rosny. The Fauxbourg de la Barre and the neighbourhood of Polet have also added to these spoils of the Roman world those of ancient Gaul. The rich gardens, however, which occupy the soil in these places, interpose serious obstacles in the way of the antiquary; notwithstanding which, several articles have been accidentally found by their proprietors, and have been forwarded to the museum of the Society. One of the excavations at Candecote has produced a number of small gold plates, engraved in lozenges, triangles, and squares, several of which are very beautifully executed, and exhibit symbols characteristic of ancient Gaul. A bronze helmet, with a variety of metal rings, keys, &c., obdional coins of the age of Pompey, and a numerous collection of medals from the first Caesar down to Valens, now form not the least inter-

esting part of the contents of the museum. M. Brongniart, of the Institute, with MM. Blainville and Feret, are indefatigable in their exertions towards elucidating these curious relics of past ages; and much useful information, both statistic and topographical, may be expected from their labours. The excavations are suspended till a more favourable season of the year.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lodge's Illustrious Portraits and Memoirs. Folio edition, Part 33; Octavo and Quarto, two-monthly edition, Part 39; and third and fourth monthly editions, Nos. 13 and 9. London, 1829. Harding and Lepard.

Of the multifarious editions of this universally popular periodical which thus at once present themselves upon our table, in various stages of progress, we shall limit our particular notice to the contents of the folio edition alone. The present part contains portraits of Nelson and St. Vincent, from pictures in his Majesty's collection; the great and virtuous Lady Russell, from the Duke of Bedford's; the Marquess of Rockingham, from that of his descendant the Earl of Fitzwilliam; the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, from Mr. Agar Ellis's; and Sir Robert Walpole, from Mr. Walpole's. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to patronise this picture gallery of the worthies of his kingdom, who have elevated their country to the distinguished rank which she maintains in the scale of nations, by granting permission to enrich it with some of the most valuable portraits in the royal collection; and those here presented are strikingly characteristic of the eminent individuals whom they represent. The portrait of the gallant Nelson was painted shortly after his victory of the Nile, which is represented in the back ground, and is strikingly contrasted by the calm and steady deportment of his friend and admiral, St. Vincent, who, unmoved by the din of war, with which he is surrounded, is portrayed on his quarter-deck, calmly meditating the brilliant manœuvre which at once gained him a splendid victory and that title which will commemorate and convey it to the latest posterity. All the engravings are executed with their accustomed excellence, and the memoirs are as characteristic as the portraits which they illustrate.

The contents of the smaller editions are equally entitled to the patronage which has been so extensively bestowed upon them as to keep four editions of the work simultaneously in a course of publication; and we cordially recommend such of our readers as may not already be subscribers to enrol their names at the publishers', who have again commenced republishing the work in monthly numbers, with the opening of the new year.

National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. With Memoirs, &c. By W. Jerdan. No. IX. Fisher, Son, and Co.; Colnaghi, Son, and Co.; Ackermann and Co.

THE Number of this monthly work with which the year commences is embellished with a very appropriate and handsome design on the cover, representing an arch, surmounted by the royal crown of England, beneath which are the coronets and mitres of the aristocracy and church, and the whole supported by two columns of naval and military architecture, on the emblems of which (*rostra* and *catapultæ*) are inscribed the words Law, Commerce, Arts—Religion, Literature, Science. The portraits are George III.

from an early Lawrence, painted for Liverpool, engraved by Holl; the late Mr. Perceval from Beechey, engraved by Picart; and Lord Keith from Hoppner, also engraved by Holl. Of the memoirs we may observe, that considerable interest attaches to that of Mr. Perceval, owing to the circumstance of the writer's having introduced the following account of the catastrophe that terminated his existence, of which he, as it appears, was a very near spectator.

"I had ascended the stair which leads to the folding door of the lobby, and was about to push it open for myself, when, turning partly round, I saw the premier (with whom I had the honour of a very slight personal acquaintance) mounting the steps immediately behind me. I bowed to him, and was saluted in return with that benevolent smile which I was so instantly destined to see effaced for ever; for, as I held back the door on the right to allow the precedence of entering, the mortal bullet was sped by the villain, who had (as was afterwards proved) long stationed himself on the spot to watch for his victim, and commit this unholy murder. It is an extraordinary fact (and I leave it to be explained on any system of moral or physical sensation), that though so near Mr. Perceval at this moment that I could have touched him, and if the ball had passed through him it must have struck me, yet I did not hear the report of the pistol, but only saw a wreath of smoke mount from the place. In the first confusion, indeed, no one of the many individuals present precisely knew what had really happened, and it was the fall of the martyr of assassination only that developed the nature of the atrocious deed. On receiving the wound, the unfortunate gentleman fell almost back towards his left, against the angle formed by the door and the wall, exclaiming very faintly, 'O God!' or, 'O my God!' the last words he ever uttered; for immediately, as if moved by an innate impulse to seek for safety in the house, he made an effort to rush forward, but merely staggered a few paces, and dropped down on the spot. I observed Mr. William Smith, the member for Norwich, Lord Francis Osborne (I think), a Mr. Phillips, and several other persons, hasten to raise him up: there was an effusion of a little blood on the mouth, and the pale features bore the stamp of death. The body was carried into the Speaker's room by the opening on the left. This was the dreadful work of not more than fifteen seconds; and, during the same period (having first run forward to render any assistance to Mr. Perceval, in which I was anticipated by the instant interposition of the parties I have just mentioned) my attention was directed to the assassin by a gentleman (whom I since knew to be Mr. Eastaff, of the Vote-office, at the door of which he stood) pointing out Bellingham, and exclaiming, 'That is the murderer!' He had, with apparent calmness, retired from the fatal spot, and was sitting down upon the bench on the hither side of the fire-place, when I arrested him by the collar."

"I am again particular, because, in the testimony at the trial of a gallant general, Gascoyne, who came from a committee-room above, and through long passages, as well as through the house into the lobby, he spoke of having rushed forward and seized Bellingham, as if no one had preceded him. Now, this was not only impossible, from the distance at which he was when the crime was committed, but I remember well that Sir Charles Long (the present Lord Farnborough), Mr. Vincent Dowling, and Mr. Burgess, the solicitor of May-Fair, were all about the person of the assassin for (under such circumstances) a considerable time before the general came up. Mr. Dowling, especially, had collared Bellingham on the opposite side, nearly simultaneously with myself, and Mr. Burgess snatched the instrument of death from his hand; and it was the place of the former which General G. took, while he, Mr. Dowling, came in front

This was no act of which to be vain, for he neither offered resistance, nor seemed for a time to regard what was passing about him. His breast was stripped open, and a second pistol (loaded), and other things, were taken from his person, by Mr. Dowling and others. Of these, the manuscript copy of his petition of grievances in Russia, and the want of redress for which led to his insane revenge, is in my possession, identified by the initials of Joseph Hume, to be produced, if requisite, at a future period. I also possess a common-looking, but powerful opera-glass, found upon him, with which he had, on several preceding nights, made himself acquainted with Mr. Perceval's personal appearance, from the gallery of the House of Commons—a circumstance which, in my opinion, contradicts the supposition that he equally meditated the assassination of Lord Leveson Gower; though, unquestionably, he bore a strong resentment to that nobleman, for what he considered to have been his neglect of him in his northern mercantile transactions. But to return to my painful narrative. Bellingham, with his breast exposed, and now extremely perturbed, was in a state of great excitation when General Gascoyne appeared, and recognised him as a man whom he knew, from having seen him at Liverpool. No words, indeed, can picture his frightful agitation; large drops of agonising sweat ran down his pallid face (I am not exaggerating in this description of extreme human emotion, when I declare, that the former resembled rain-drops on a window in a heavy storm, and that the latter was of the cadaverous hue of the tomb); and, from the bottom of his chest to his gorge, rose and fell a spasmodic action, as if a body as large as the hand were choking him with every breath. Never on earth, I believe, was seen a more terrible example of overwrought suffering; yet, in language he was perfectly cool and collected. Some one came from the Speaker's room, and said, 'Mr. Perceval is dead! Villain, how could you destroy so good a man, and make a family of ten or twelve children orphans?' To which he feelingly replied, 'I am sorry for it.' He afterwards justified the sacrifice on the same grounds which he took at his committal and on his final trial. It is not my province to describe the scene of anxiety and tumult which followed the perpetration of this monstrous crime. Doors were guarded, messengers were running to and fro, all was disorder. But in a few minutes, when the nature of the calamity was ascertained, the Speaker of the House of Commons recalled men to their senses, by assuming the chair of that assembly, and ordering the guilty to be brought before him. Mr. Taylor, the ancient door-keeper, for once opened it to all that came, and I on one side, and, I think, General Gascoyne on the other, conducted the unresisting prisoner to the bar. The forms of Parliament, however, refused

to search the pockets and person of the prisoner. The individuals I have named are alive to testify to the correctness of this statement; and that it is only now given to the public is owing to the persuasion, that it might have produced a very injurious effect if promulgated at the time. For the plain truth is, if Bellingham's acute counsel had been aware of the circumstances, so as to cross-examine the evidence, it is not improbable they might have very seriously embarrassed the jury, notwithstanding the notoriety of the murder; since if it is on the evidence adduced, alone, that a criminal can be found guilty. In concluding this note, I am far from desiring to impute the blame of deliberate falsehood to any one; the consternation that prevailed might well excuse imperfection of memory, and the blending of after hearsay with what was actually seen and done. And, besides, all the chief facts were substantially true; though, as far as person and manner were concerned, the way in which they were substantiated on the trial was grossly erroneous, as must be seen whenever the examinations, previous to committing Bellingham to prison, are lent to history."

cognisance to the transaction, and the House was adjourned, in order that the county magistrates present might proceed according to law: in consequence of which the two magistrates I have named repaired to the inquest in an apartment above, where Bellingham hardly spoke, and whence he was, with due precautions, soon after committed to Newgate. To this, I hope not too minute, history of an event unparalleled in its effect upon the country since the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, and still more unparalleled in moral atrocity, I have little to add. The rapidity with which the news flew to every part of the metropolis, and thence throughout the country, could hardly be reconciled with possibility; and the extraordinary agitation which every where prevailed, looked more like the convulsion of an empire than the loss of one man, however exalted and beloved. But his virtues had made all the world his friends, except the wretch who shed his blood; and his death was bewailed with a more unanimous and sensible sorrow than is usually given to the fate of those, the brightest and the best, who shine in times of political struggle, and reach the goal of political ambition."

The following anecdotes are also given in the memoir of our late venerable monarch.

"At a view of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, his Majesty approached a portrait of a gentleman who had recently come over from the opposition side in the House of Commons, and accepted a lucrative appointment. 'Who is that?' he inquired of his attendant: the name was mentioned. 'Ah, (rejoined the King), that is — who has changed his principles—I hate a man who can change his principles. Do not mistake me (he added, after a short pause); a man may change his opinions, and be as excellent as ever; but if he change his principles once, he will change them again whenever his interests render it expedient.' It may be recorded as another trait of the same disposition, that the King was one of the most punctual persons in his dominions in the discharge of his debts; inasmuch that he actually entertained a horror of any of his trades-people being unpaid. . . . The King, it is notorious, was as fixedly resolved against granting the Roman Catholics what they have since attained, as he was against compromising his prerogative with the American colonies. On these subjects he was immovable—the obstinacy of his critics!—and when sorely pressed by his ministers (in 1807) respecting the religious scruple, our good monarch hardly knew how to act, or what to do. A strong address was voted by the House of Commons, obviously repugnant to his sentiments; and a noble lord was deputed, *ex officio*, to deliver it. He accordingly went up in due form; but his reception was so ungracious, that at the end of his task he took occasion humbly to resign his wand into the hands of his Majesty. The King, we have been informed, though hitherto vexed and almost irritable, was roused into decision by this unexpected incident. He immediately seized the stick with an impatient gesture, and, taking it to the corner of the room, put it down with a smart noise. He then returned to the noble lord, and said hastily, 'Now, my lord, you have incapacitated yourself from carrying back any answer from me; as a private person, I must wish you good morning. I will take time to consider the matter.' Next day, we believe, it was intimated to Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, that the King was ready to receive their resignations. It was at this time that

Mr. Sheridan complained of his colleagues having built a wall to run their heads against!"

A Series of Subjects from the Works of the late R. P. Bonington. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding. Part II. Carpenter and Son.

HIGHLY as we spoke of the first Part of this publication, the second Part deserves still greater praise. The subjects are "La Siesta;" "On the Coast of Picardy;" "The Visit to the Shrine;" "River Scene;" and "Lane Scene." They are all treated with that peculiar taste and painter's feeling by which Bonington was distinguished; and if faithfully to imitate the freedom and facility of a great master's pencil, and all those loose and spirited touches which, although to the uninitiated they appear careless and accidental, the experienced well know are the result of much study and accumulated knowledge, be an excellence, Mr. Harding's claim to it is undoubted. We scarcely know to which of these delightful lithographic prints to give the preference; but if we were compelled to select one, we should say that "The Visit to the Shrine" has a charm in its handling and effect that, to our eyes, is perfectly fascinating.

The Fortunate Escape of King William the Third. Painted by A. Cooper, R.A. Engraved by W. Giller. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

KING WILLIAM'S reconnaissance on the day before the battle of the Boyne, when a shot killed several of his attendants, and wounded him in the shoulder, is the subject of this print. The contrast between the dignified tranquillity of the monarch and the loyal alarm of Lord Coningsby, who is stanching the royal blood, is very dramatic; and the whole is broadly and powerfully executed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VISIONS OF MEMORY.

"'Youthful hours rise up within the mind,
Like lovely dreams some sudden chance has brought,
To fill the eyes with long-forgotten tears.'—L. E. L.

WITHIN her bower, sun-proof, of jasmine,
twined

By the wild, wandering honeysuckle, sits
One who has strayed from cloister gloom to
taste

The breath of May—the warm and fragrant
May,

And soothe her gentle spirit with the view
Of Nature in the month of flowers and love.
Of love!—alas! she came not there a slave
To passion;—youth's fond, feverish dreams
were o'er,

And were forgotten;—no—the early blight
Of our young loves may never be forgot!
There will, uncalled, float visions on the eye—
There will, full oft, be yearnings of the heart—
There will, again, be strange and burning
tears—

The early-wept, the loved, the lost, will rise
Upon the tortured memory;—and though Time,
Softening the past, may half subdue those
throes,

And stifle those fierce strugglings, and disperse
Or rob of half their vividness the dreams
Of hours long flown; yet Nature will awake,
Touched by some secret sympathy, again,
Soul-withering thoughts—and forms that should
have slept

For ever!

Ay, for ever! why rest not
Deep in the heart's dark tomb those dreams
that haunt

Our shuddering memory thus? Within her
bower

She bends—that lovely one—but from her eyes
Flits an unnatural glance, and o'er the mind
Tempestuous moods are passing. What has
stirred

That calm and placid spirit—and at once
So fearfully?—The simplest sight or sound
Allied to far-gone scenes, has thus the power
To raise up recollections that will gloom
Our sunniest hour.—The aspect of a tree—
A stream—the stillness of a summer lake
Soft mirroring the flowers upon its brink,
As here—the beauty of an evening sky
All glory-tinged—the sameness of a voice
Which floats on that sweet evening air—the lay
Of bird well known, and loved—such strains as
bless'd,

Perchance, her youth in some dear spot, far off:
Each—all—in strange communion aptly joined,
And sudden seen, have o'er that spirit thrown
An instant desolation, to be cheered
Not e'en by hope!

N. T. C.

Devoport.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

MISTAKES OF FOOLEE FUM FOOLA,
During his Residence in England.—No. 1.

FOOLEE FUM FOOLA, recently well known at Canton by our East India traders, having expressed an eager desire to visit the boasted nation of big ships, obtained the consent of his father, the venerable old Fum, to make a voyage hither; and, having embarked as a cabin passenger, came over in one of the Company's finest vessels. He had acquired some little smattering of English in his father's counting-house, which was the constant resort of British merchants; and he improved himself in the tongue by his intercourse with the passengers, with whom, particularly the ladies, he was a great favourite. From this fortunate circumstance, to use his own words, he heard more talk during four months and four days, with his fair loquacious shipmates, than he should have heard with *man crew*, had he sailed three times all round big world with Captain Cooke.

Foolee Fum Foola, though an ingenious young man, and not deficient in talent, being strongly imbued with the prejudices of a Chinese, thought very highly of himself; and in his egotism and vain glory imagined that all he saw here, or almost all at least, was amenable to his superior notions of improvement and reform;—hence his diary (for he wrote his daily observations) exhibits such a medley of occasional good sense with much absurdity, that a perusal of his comical *notitia* would almost move the spirit of a Quaker to laughter.

Having been a fellow-passenger with Foolee Fum, and in his good graces, we lived much together; being, moreover, a lieutenant in the Company's service, on leave of absence, and consequently an idler, I rambled about as his *cicerone*; we traversed this mighty metropolitan city, and I shewed him its lions.

A few days since, Foolee Fum being invited to make one of a party just on the wing for Paris, he left me his Diary for correction, giving me leave to make what extracts I pleased, and to do what I chose with them. I have, therefore, selected a few of his remarks, without particular reference to time or place; and I submit them to the service of the columns of the *Literary Gazette*, under the impression that they may afford a little amusement to some of its great readers. I have written to advise my good-natured friend of what I am about to do, and he has kindly returned an

answer, saying, "English love for make laugh—so he may, if he please, laugh for little while at Foolee Fum Foolea, whilst Foolee Fum go abroad for make laugh at Paris."

Diary.—Go to bed at Hummum, Common Garden; weather all snow, very cold. Keep awake all night; tell me drunken gentleman fall up stair to bed, tumble down stair again into hot bath. Tell me Common Garden best place always for teach finish gentleman how for make royal dead drunk. Not catch wink for sleep till watchman bawl past five. Wake again at six, tinkling so many loud bell out of door. Inquire what for make such noise one hour afore day-light? Tell me for answer, coach-maker, cabinet-maker, trunk-maker, and 'tother maker, ring bell call men to work. Never nobody of all peoples work so long—never no peoples work so fast. How will make for much laugh when I return to Canton, tell honoured father Fum all complaint in England nothing at all for do! Every body look glum—very long face. All say business stagnate. Nothing buy—nothing sell. No order—no customer. Yet ten thousand machine work all night, and every body else work all day, as if nobody can wait!

Go to see new building every where. London great deal much more large as Pekin. Not big enough though—not half finish yet. Make create quick new street, good many miles at a time.

Walk out afore quite light. Count dozen men all on one ladder. Call him bricklayer's labourer. One carry hod for mortar, 'tother carry hod for brick. Bricklayer, carpenter, mason, up a top scaffold call out wicked oath in mouth, lazy Paddy! for make hod-mans more quick climb up and down ten story ladder high as pagoda.

Poor labourer get ten shilling week keep sober—take money back for Ireland. All up a-top of scaffold get thirty-five shilling, get himself drunk, master carpenter, so master bricklayer, so master mason, so master every body else. All up a-top very bad man, play three day of the week, besides Sunday. Put wife and children in *work-house*, cause do no work himself. English mechanic, English artisan, English journeyman manufacturer, very comical chap; most idle, when for most to do; most industrious when for nothing to do. Very fond for get him drunk; then great as lord; beat him wife, sometime starve him children—never do wrong himself—lay fault on King George and Duke of Waterloo!

Irish, too, very strange people. Good heart every body say—not brag so much for good head. Too much idle in him own native soil—work hard enough in mother country. Come to England, all find employ. Irishman great patriot. Beat one another for all that! Not like Chinese, love and help one another! Not like Scotchman, come to Canton, all much make good for one another!

Sunday morning. Go early to walk in *Marrow-bone* field, (call him so, believe, cause break man's bones there). Behold hundred Irish from province, call him Tipper-rare-y man; behold 'tother hundred from province, call him Go-naughty man—no quarrel afore. Fall on with short stick, call him *shillaly*, fight like devil, fracture one another of the skull, and leave for dead, only because Irish compatriot, too much fond feeling, when meet in mother country—call him—fighting for love!!!

Nota Bene.—Tipper-rare-y man swear every Go-naughty man, woman, and child, born thief. Go-naughty man swear every Tipper-rare-y man, woman, and child, born liar.—Ireland very

fine country for all that. Brave men—beautiful women; only man with pen, call him Malthus, say make children too much. Ireland plenty of corn, thousand of cattels, millions of pig—send him all away for mother country, eat potato at home. Sometime call English every man his tyrant. Knock every Irishman, his brother, on the head. Believe all Irish sometime little mad!

Irish nobleman very noble-man; tall, fine person, scornful mouth, very grand nose. Soon put him in great passion. Great orator, talk him pompous of Ireland. Fond of duel, fight with sword, fight with pistol, any man hold up little finger against him country. All talk *amor patriæ*. All quit him own dear country too much, for all that; leave it for take care of itself. Great landlord sometime never see him land! Great landlord sometime never see him tenant! Only Irish great lord live so easy. Receive twenty thousand pounds of a year. All sent to him! Great Irish lord not obliged to thank nobody!

DRAMA.

WE must really beg pardon of Mr. Lister for omitting last week from our list of original pieces produced this season his tragedy of *Epicharis*, particularly as it is, or was, by far the most creditable of the number. Six original dramas have, therefore, been produced at the two royal theatres in the short space of three months. Four of them, it is worthy of remark, have been maiden efforts in original dramatic composition; and, with one exception, (*the Greek Family*), all have exhibited some gleams of talent. Yet they have been commended or neglected; the most successful played a dozen nights, or so, to nearly empty benches; and yet men of education and genius are expected to quit the profitable pursuits of novel or magazine writing, to hazard their reputations upon the stage, where the accident of a moment may wreck the labour of a year—where no genius, however magnificent, can insure success—where failure is not mourned as defeat, but branded as infamous—and where the victor, however triumphant, reaps at best a meagre temporary reward, and becomes instantly the prey of the most impudent and unprincipled piracy. Ridiculous! What, let us ask, would the author of another *School for Scandal* make by his comedy now-a-days, granted it should succeed? (for accident might jeopard the success of even such a play: *the Rivals* was nearly damned the first night through an inefficient Sir Lucius.) At the utmost, "according to the bond," from five to six hundred pounds! say a thousand. Why, a man must write as good a play, and as fortunate a play, every year at least, if he would live by his pen!—"But," say the critics, "we don't care how he lives, provided we have a good comedy." "Then," says the author, "gentlemen, 'tis better you should want than I;" and so saying, he draws a check upon Colburn for double the sum, for half the labour, one hundredth part the anxiety, and none of the risk.

The money's in his purse—
After his book is published, he sleeps well:
Critics may do their worst; nor hiss, nor groan,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Again and again we repeat, make the theatre the road to fortune as well as fame; extend to dramatic property the safe-guard of the law; balance the precariousness of popular favour by the weight of pecuniary reward; and we shall find talent enough to struggle for, if not to carry off, the palm of dramatic writing from our

envied, and consequently abused, neighbours the French. Till then we must be content with original harlequinades. There, at least, we have the whip-hand of the Parisians; and thus we naturally slide into the consideration of those of the present season. The rival magicians, Farley and Barrymore, have wrought their most powerful spells, and raised the ghost of departed pantomime (for it died with Grimaldi's retirement), more "in its habit as it lived," this year, than upon any occasion since that lamented circumstance. *Jack in the Box*, at Drury Lane, promises to fill every box in the house for many nights to come by the attractions of its splendid scenery and ingenious mechanism: and *Cock Robin*, though inferior to its rival in dioramic display, is likely to pick up the crumbs which are so liberally scattered at this holiday time by the misses and masters of every age, and the most merry and social of winter visitors. The *Star of Venus*, the *Moving Palm-tree Grove*, and the *Village of Robin's Nest* on a frosty morning, are splendid exceptions to the general failure of the scenery this year at Covent Garden, which has the appearance of having been hastily and carelessly painted. St. James's Park and the New Palace, the two views of Covent Garden Market and Westminster Abbey, from the Boat-house at Lambeth, are, for instance, quite unworthy of the old reputation of this theatre; and Mr. Roberts having chosen a bad subject for his diorama, has not made up in execution what it wants in interest. We have a boat too, in the front waters, drifting one way, while the man in her is pulling the other: an artist of Mr. Roberts's eminence must expect us to notice things which, in a mere dauber, would be passed over as a matter of course. We turn to the more grateful task of praising the comic business of the pantomime, at which we shook our sides in the good old fashion of Christmases long past! The death and burial of *Cock Robin*, if we dare include such subjects in the comic business, are convulsive in their effects. *Parson Rook* and *Chief-mourner Dove* defy all description; and the *Bull*, to make one of our own, is a bird of the same feather—no offence to "the Fly with her little eye" and patent telescope. "The Fish with his little dish," &c. &c. &c. Paulo is the best clown, by many degrees, now on the stage—he possesses great humour, and reminds us more of "old Joe" than any of his successors, "young Joe" not excepted. The spider scene, the picture gallery, and the shower of cats, dogs, and pitchforks with the points downwards, are all capital. The blowing Paulo off a porter's bench into the sign of the Spread Eagle, is very cleverly managed; and when a few immaterial tricks are omitted (as we suppose they are by this time), *Harlequin* and *Cock Robin* will be one of the pleasantest pantomimes going. Of the fun in *Jack in the Box* we cannot say much, finding "a screw loose" in the giant's castle; and the race for an apple between Grimaldi and Wieland, the latter of whom enacts a blubbering school-boy to the life, are the best points in the comic way. A mirror dance by Howel and Chickini, Miss Ryals and Miss Macdonald, is very elegantly and ingeniously managed. Mynheer Von Kleshnig's *Mushapug* is contortion personified; and a Miss Poole, an infant whom we remember elsewhere, sings with much grace and intelligence as a dandy and a broom-girl. But the great attraction of this pantomime will be its scenery, which surpasses any thing we remember to have seen from the pencil of Stanfield, much as he has often delighted us. Nothing that we could say

would give our readers an adequate idea of it—we, therefore, trust they will go and judge for themselves. The last scene, the Falls of the Virginia Water, reflects great credit on its inventor (we believe Mr. Beazely). It is the only instance we remember of real water being introduced *effectively* upon the stage.

VARIETIES.

Elections.—MM. Etienne and Arnault, who were, in consequence of political opinions, excluded from the French Academy, have been restored to their seats, amid the acclamations of a crowded assembly. M. Heim has been elected to the seat lately held by Baron Regnault in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Paris.

The Stuart Papers.—It is stated in a letter from Rome, dated Dec. 11, in a French paper, that there is no truth in the report of the King of England having presented to Sir Walter Scott the archives of the Stuarts, said to have been bequeathed to him by Cardinal York. The archives were, it is now declared, sent immediately after the death of the cardinal to the late King of Sardinia. The papers supposed to have got into the possession of George IV. were, according to this account, a few manuscripts which a faithless servant had obtained at the request of Cardinal Gonsalvi. [We know better.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Captain Beaulieu, a French officer in the service of the Pasha of Egypt, sent off, some time since, for one of his friends in France, a collection of antiquities and curiosities, among which were some crocodile's eggs. During the passage or the quarantine, these eggs hatched; and when the case was opened at the Custom-house, three small crocodiles ran out. On the way they had devoured several rolls of papyrus, and the bandages and mummy of an ibis, of which nothing remained but the claws and some of the feathers. Great care is taken of these animals, which, it is hoped, will arrive at Paris alive.—*Paris Paper.*

Progress of Arts.—At the last sitting of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry at Paris, a prize of 1,000 francs was awarded to a Mr. Coffin, of New York, for a machine to remove fur from skins employed in making hats: by this machine, four workmen are able in four hours to do the work of twenty-five according to the old process. A prize of 2,000 francs was awarded to Messrs. Grenet and Gompertz for an improved method of making glue. A gold medal of 500 francs to M. Delapierre, for an improvement in the manufacture of paper with silk. The prize of 3,000 francs offered by the Society for the best process of making paper with the bark of the mulberry-tree, has been increased to 5,700 francs, to be awarded in 1830; and two prizes of 12,000 francs are proposed, one for the best means of securing safety in explosions of steam-engines, and the other for a steam-engine boiler which shall be less liable to explosion than those now in use. [From these hints we may learn something at home, and apply our powers and skill accordingly.]

Discovery of a New Principle in Box-wood.—An apothecary of Bourdeaux announced to the Pharmaceutical Society at its last sitting, that he had discovered in the wood, and particularly in the bark, of the box-tree, an alkaline principle, to which he gives the name of *bucine*. This principle, which he has only been able to obtain in powder, saturates acids, and forms with them uncrystallisable salts. This new principle extracted from box-wood may

be used in medicine. It has a very strong sudorific action; and, indeed, in the old works on medicine and pharmacy, box-wood is classed among the sudorifics. The buccine has a very bitter taste. At the Philomathetic Society, where this communication was made, M. Dupetit Thouars remarked that buccine might probably be advantageously used in the manufacture of beer; "for," said he, "there is more box-wood than hops employed in making almost all the beer brewed in Paris."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[*Literary Gazette Weekly Advertiser*, No. 1, Jan. 24, 1830.*]

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. II. Maritime and Inland Discovery, Vol. I. fcp. 6s. bds.—Adventures of an Irish Gentleman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Jefferson's Memoirs, Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 11. 8s. bds.—Rickard's India, Part III. Chap. 2, 8vo. 9s. sewed.—Claverston, or the Infidel's Visits, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Trollope's Analecta Theologica, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Townson's Discourses, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Cobb's Geography and Astronomy, 18mo. 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—Rose's Christianity always Progressive, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Mant's Clergyman's Obligations Considered, 18mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Whitely on Prophecy, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Short's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Wellesley on the Court of Chancery, 8vo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Pomological Magazine, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 3s. 3d. bds.—Petersdorf's Reports, Vol. XII. royal 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—Family Classical Library, Vol. I. 18mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Jenour on Isaiah, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s. bds.—Rev. J. Milner on Revelation, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Hall on Loss of Blood, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Satan, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Excitement, or Book to induce Boys to Read, 18mo. 4s. 6d. hf.-bd.—The Olive-Branch, 1830. 32mo. 4s. 6d. silk.—Berthold's German Dictionary, square 18mo. 5s. bds.—Forsyth's Political Fragments, 12mo. 5s. bds.—M'Kenzie's Manual of the Weather, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Memoirs of Paul Jones, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. bds.

* We shall in future also advertise the announcements of new works in the same manner, for the benefit of literature, and in compliance with the directions of the Stamp Office.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 17	From 29. to 38.	29.94 to 29.92
Friday 18	— 24. — 37.	29.59 — 29.72
Saturday .. 19	— 25. — 37.	29.73 Stationary
Sunday 20	— 25. — 33.	29.73 to 29.64
Monday 21	— 19. — 33.	29.84 Stationary
Tuesday ... 22	— 18. — 37.	29.66 to 29.71
Wednesday 23	— 25. — 29.	29.71 — 29.60

Wind variable, prevailing N. and N.E.

Except the 18th, generally cloudy and frosty, and frequently snowing.
Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Of Thoughts suggested by the Past Year, we are only induced to preserve the following portion:—

Slowly, in prospect, we advance on time
As we from infancy to manhood climb;
And old age seems—so distant it appears—
Ages instead of what it is—but years.
But take a retrospect, and but a dream
Upon the memory the past will seem.

ERRATA in the *Pharoah*.—No. 674, p. 827, note 3, for "Amoris" read "Amoris";—No. 675, page 845, col. 3, line 44, for "Memphtha" read "Memphtha";—line 47, for "Lusian" read "Persian";—line 48, for "Casseri" read "Cossier."

THE LITERARY GAZETTE IN HER TEENS!

We were certainly of opinion that there was a good deal of precocity about the *Literary Gazette*; but we had never made up our minds as to her sex, in a grammatical point of view, until the present moment. Like the Siamese elephant at the *Adelphi* (where, by right of name, the Siamese twins should also be), we spoke of her as "it;" ungallantly supposing that if we disclosed the feminine gender, some folks might fancy a want of learning, a feebleness of understanding, and, in short, all those amiable traits of character which render the weaker portion of creation, however dear and loveable, unfit for the rougher toils and

struggles of life, among which criticism is not one of the least laborious and responsible.

But at length the secret will out. No sooner had our young Mistress completed her first Teen (she was Thirteen last Saturday!) than she took it into her head that she ought to form a union with some proper match; and as none of her own country had lived to be old enough, she, like a sovereign Literary Princess as she is, despatched her ambassadors abroad to fulfil this momentous commission. What success has attended them will be known next Wednesday, when her affianced Groom will make his public entry into London, under the imposing incognito of NUMBER ONE! *Foreign Literary Gazette*. As is usual in our royal marriages, the native sovereign, though a female, will preserve the supremacy; but it is anticipated that her partner will be found very acceptable to the English people in his high station. This we can take upon ourselves to say: he has been educated by the first masters on the Continent, in philosophy, in science, in polite literature, in a knowledge of the fine arts, and in all those accomplishments which make the scholar, the gentleman, and the agreeable companion. These able persons still continue to take a warm interest in the fate of their pupil; and, it is hoped, that their constant correspondence, combined with his own acknowledged talents, will put it in his power to keep up such an intercourse with other nations as will tend materially to enlighten his adopted country.

We have only to add, that whoever may desire to send in their compliments or adhesions to his Excellency, they will be presented to him by his agent, in Wellington-street, where her Royal Highness will also be very happy to obtain any further proofs of the attachment of her grateful people.

Given under our hand at 12 o'Clock, P.M., being at once the last day of the year 1829, and the first day of the year 1830.

Signed in every Language by every Letter in their various Alphabets.

Countersigned "All in English."

N.B.—The *Foreign Literary Gazette* has been suggested to the Proprietors of the *Literary Gazette* by the vast quantity of instructive, interesting, and amusing matter which was continually pouring in upon them from the Continent, and for the publication of which the pressing and superabundant claims of English literature left very inadequate space. The intention of their new undertaking is, in few words, to render the same services to foreign letters, sciences, and arts, which the *Literary Gazette* renders to those at home. It ought to be observed, that these Journals will be entirely distinct from each other, and directed to quite different objects, though printed by the same neat and accurate Printer, and published at the same Office. No alterations whatever will take place in the *London Literary Gazette*, except such improvements as an extension of its communications puts in the power of its Editor.

LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, Jan. 1, 1830.

New Works just published by Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 5, New Burlington Street.

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